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SEPTEMBER, 1921 VOLUME LIV, NO. 1

THE BOOKMAN

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES?

By Richard Le Gallienne

With Sketches by Will Coyne

THAT each generation has little "use" for the generation preceding it has gone without saying since "the sad world began", though so broad a statement should not, of course, be made without recognition of the fact that the pick of the youth of each younger generation have proved an exception to this rule. While realizing the necessity of their doing something different from their fathers, of providing the "perpetual slight novelty" necessary to all human growth, they have not always felt that their own contribution was of more importance, or that their elders were merely "tedious old fools" to be kicked out of the way with ill-bred derision. In every new generation there have been found young men who combined new ideas and new methods with a sensible and even grateful recognition of the old, young men who knew the masters when they saw them, and were not at all ashamed to sit at the feet of their elders, with a respect that was far from superstition. Even today there are such young men, no few of them indeed, who are doing, or preparing themselves to do, the really constructive work in literature and all the arts; but they have been and still are, in a lessening degree, so out-shouted by a host of vulgar charlatans, cranks, and barbarians,—not all by any means "young",—mere Bolshevists of the arts, that the encouraging fact of their vigorous existence is not sufficiently known.

The slogan of this horde of tiresome "jazz" megalomaniacs is "Down with the Past". Like Caliph Omar, they would burn all the books published prior to the twentieth century, preserving but their own or those of a few friends; like that Italian fool Marinetti, they would cast the beauty of Venice into the lagoons, and gen-

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Ernest Dowson

erally introduce a campaign of "frightfulness" against the classics, and all arts whatsoever tainted with tradition.

This general madness, which seems to have overtaken all lands, like some mediæval epidemic, is too huge and massive an idiocy to be treated within the limits of a brief article. Here our concern is merely with a minor Anglo-Saxon literary manifestation of it, taking the form of a modish dilettante superciliousness toward all things Victorian—except perhaps Victorian furniture—and, particularly, a quite feminine ferocity against the "eighteen-nineties". No really "man-sized" writer has come out strongly to head this vague revolt, which, indeed, has found no authoritative voice, but has, however, managed to disseminate itself through a multiplicity of small coterie magazines which few can understand and no one buys. It possesses no creative or critical representative person of any importance, and it has proclaimed no new, or beautiful, or even novel ugly thing. It is made up of the protozoa of mutual admiration, of undersized, poorly vitalized, and underbred creatures, that strive to make a standard of their own smallness, and achieve whatever effects they occasionally achieve by wearing some rag or tatter of the robe of a dead giant which they have divided among them. All they have, they have stolen from the writers they decry—even their affectations. The creative vitality and versatility of the Victorian age in every direction admits of no discussion; and we can afford to smile at some of the absurdities of its great ones with Lytton Strachey, realizing that the point of view of the valet has seldom failed to be amusing, but has never been of importance. It is on a par with uncovering one's father's nakedness. The cleverness of such writers as Mr. Strachey amounts to little more. The misbehavior of puppies against the Pyramids—well, who cares?

That the Victorian age was very smug and very proper, that it was more sentimental than we are, and that its economic brutality was more "camouflaged" under missionary effort than ours—though really that is doubtful—or that it had many faults of hypocrisy, self-righteousness, and bad taste, from which, of course, we are free, may be readily admitted. But the great Victorian was the first to make and push home that admission—and an era that produced Wordsworth, Tennyson, Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne, Meredith, Carlyle, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Huxley,

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Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Tyndall, and Newman, not to speak of a Bernard Shaw, has surely no need to defend itself against an era which seems to have reached its apogee in the painful travail of G. K. Chesterton—whose wit always suggests the presence of the skilled obstetrician, and trained nurses in the wings. My feeling for Mr. Shaw has always been this side of idolatry, but, really, when I think of Mr. Chesterton, I am almost passionate to kiss the hem of the sacred Jaegers.

But the quarrel of our young "Georgians"—absurdly so called—is only generally with the Victorian era, and its particular animus is somewhat curiously directed against "the eighteen-nineties". Curiously, I say, for several reasons. Leaving out so old-fashioned an expression as ingratitude, is it not strange that our "Georgians" should deny recognition to those very men who in that frightfully remote period, thirty years ago, made just that fight against "Victorianism" which they talk about, and so completely won it that there is absolutely no need to reopen the question. It was those men of the eighteen-nineties who sowed the seed of every kind of freedom of which we now are reaping the whirlwind. Personal irresponsibility, sexual outspokenness and indiscriminate sexual indulgence, political chaos, parlor anarchy, defiance of parents, the sentimental upbringing of children, mockery of authority and all forms of seriousness, the denial of the religious instinct, the flexibility of the moral law—and the general absurdity of everything that made for restraint or control, not to speak of law or order: this glorious harvest which we reap in a general saturnalia was sown seriously enough by some well-meaning men of the eighteen-nineties, and by some perhaps not so well meaning. That young girls "check" their corsets at dances, and generally bedeck or bedrape themselves in the public streets after the manner of courtesans, is due to the well-meaning efforts of certain writers and artists for "The Yellow Book"; and generally speaking, the world we live in at the moment has been created by three men: Aubrey Beardsley, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw. That this should be so, that the art of Beardsley dominates to weariness all contemporary decoration, and that Wilde and Shaw, through the medium

Francis Thompson

of innumerable editions, as well as the theatre, dictate the morals of the very youngest of the young generation, is hard to reconcile with the contemptu-

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ous attitude of certain literary youths toward the eighteen-nineties. Here alone is a debt to that era of which our modish young men and maidens in their gay licentiousness are probably unaware.

Apart from these delightful Master Demoralizers of the eighteen-nineties, there are certain poets and essayists whom (considering the scorn of the period) one is surprised to find constantly in the hands of the most youthful readers. Some of these writers are still alive and prosperous—for the legend that all the men of "the 'Yellow

Aubrey Beardsley

Book' period" died of drink is merely a pretty fancy. If any figure is typical of "the eighteen-nineties", it is certainly Max Beerbohm. Yet has any book been so taken to the young bosoms and narrow chests of our young as his recent "Seven Men"?—while it will not be denied that the gaiety of nations still hangs upon his cartoons. Arthur Symons is still the critic whose word is law to the youth of 1921, as it was to some of the youth of 1890, while his master Walter Pater—the most potent influence of the period—is still the Faultless Writer, sharing with the antediluvian yet over-young George Moore the laurels of prose. A writer so prehistoric as Thomas Hardy is still very much the fashion; particularly for his poetry, which is, indeed, the very latest mode. There is, I believe, felt to be a certain unholy alliance between his muse and the muse that knows not Parnassus, and particularly scorns the Isle of Wight. I suppose no one reads William Watson any more, except my faithful self; and the poet of "Marpessa" and "Herod", "with their glories", is momentarily eclipsed by men whose names fame will never have upon her lips. Yet Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson and John Davidson are so alive that their young English successors, although they lecture pontifically to the innocence of America, and amass its dollars, seem dead and gone beside them. And W. B. Yeats. The young moon, with all her magic, is not younger than he, nor nearer to the hearts of the dreaming young. He too, it must not be forgotten, is a remnant from "the eighteen-nineties". And what poet since his day has written a lyric so unforgettable as Dowson's "Cynara"? Then there is Joseph Conrad. Who is there to compare with him today—except his imitators? Mr. Galsworthy too, and Mr. Hewlett. They also belong to the same "backward and abysm

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of time" and yet the nineteen-twenties strive in vain to match them.

It is quite possible, and should be probable, that the nineteen-twenties are about to do something different from, and greater than, the eighteen-nineties. How grateful one would be if they did! So far, however, they bring us for the most part nothing but the eighteen-nineties run to seed. And such good work as stands to their credit is minor and imitative. You may say that there is a great deal of it. There is, indeed, as Major Pond used to say, "a high degree of low ability" in abundance. There is plenty of clever, and nice and "amusing" work being done. Let that be granted. But little of it is individual, and mostly all the "original" work being done is a combination of insanity and impudence. England has one or two men one respects, such as John Drinkwater, D. H. Lawrence, and Ralph Hodgson, and America has Amy Lowell and Edgar Lee Masters. The "Spoon River Anthology" is, by all odds, the one really original book that the twentieth century has produced in the English language.

That there is a revolt against the spirit of the eighteen-nineties deserving of respect I am well aware: a serious spiritual and moral reaction such as one might look for, with the pendulum swung so far in the other direction. The gospels of "paganism", the joy of life, and the worship of beauty, preached by the men of the eighteen-nineties, provoked a needed rebellion against the hypocrisy and prudery of the Victorian era. They cleared the air of an immense deal of cant, laughed and danced out of existence no end of smug and "respectable" superstition, and liberated many joyous activities of humanity which had long been enslaved by a Puritanism which, thanks

Oscar Wilde

to them, whatever momentary recrudescence in the form of blue laws it may enjoy, can never lay its cold and clammy hand on the heart of human life again.

How that revolt had been prepared for by grave destructive thinkers, and apocalyptic men of science, so long and thoroughly prepared for as to be inevitable, might well occupy a more learned pen, and more space than I have at my command. But I suggest that some ingenious and endowed professor demonstrate, as, of course, he could so easily do, by way of a diversion from his more weighty labors, how Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer were directly responsible for the gay disintegrating wit of Oscar Wilde. Certain beliefs and habits of

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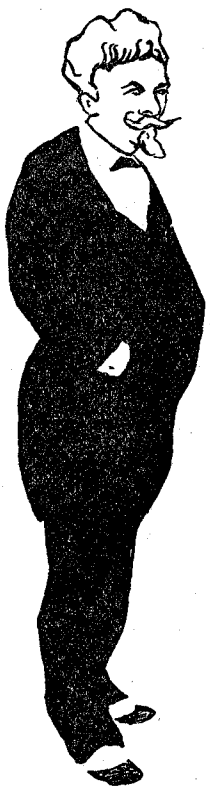
mind insincerely held had to go, that other beliefs and habits of mind sincerely held might take their place. The shell of what we call "faith" had to be destroyed, that a larger and deeper faith might come



William Sharp

into being; and insincere morality had to be ridiculed that a truer morality might be acknowledged and adhered to. The men of the eighteen-nineties, consciously or unconsciously, helped us to shuffle off the mortal coil of sham faith and sham morality. They went, of course, to extremes, as must always be the case, and their young disciples today have gone to further extremes they did not anticipate or desire.

We all remember Pater's solicitude lest the postscript of his "Renaissance" might have an undue, disastrous influence on younger minds, not sufficiently equipped by experience to apply his doctrine as he meant it to be applied. His fears were justified in some tragic careers, while the basic truth of that doctrine remains unimpeached. The time has now come to correct the errors of those eighteen-ninety gospels of freedom and pleasure. And there is, as I said, a reaction in progress among the best elements of our younger thinkers and writers to make that correction, and readjust our attitude between liberty on the one hand and license on the other. While not abandoning our gains for a more "human" humanity, it has become necessary for some strong reaffirmation of certain "Eternal Verities", forgotten awhile, to be made—some such reaffirmation as Wordsworth made in his "Ode to Duty"; and the really new world of today, as opposed to the mere old-fashioned "modernists", is beginning to cry out with that great old poet (whom these "modernists" and "futurists" declare was no poet at all):

Me this unchartered freedom tires.

Rupert Brooke, in one or two noble sonnets, gave expression to his weariness with the gospel of pleasure carried to one of its conclusions. Yet a sound philosophy is not disproved by its unwise devotees; and readers of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" will not be unmindful of the solemn ending of the chapter which tells of Marius reaching Rome, and hearing "as the rich, fresh evening came on... all over Rome, far above a whisper, the whole town seeming hushed to catch it distinctly, the lively, reckless call to 'play', from the sons and daughters of foolishness, to those in whom their life was still green—*Donec virenti canities*

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abest!—Donec virenti canities abest!" "As for himself", says Pater, "slight as was the burden of positive moral obligation with which he had entered Rome, it was to no wasteful and vagrant affections, such as these, that his Epicureanism had committed him."

Whatever writers or group of writers are to make those forcible reaffirmations and readjustments, and inspire and inaugurate that new Age of Faith which is surely upon us, does not yet appear. But that they are already with us, though yet voiceless and unseen, we need not doubt. Certainly, however, it is not those shadowy shapes of art and letters who so lamentably mimic the men of the eighteen-nineties whom they decry, the decadents of the third and fourth generation, the mere marionettes of the arts.

NEWS NOTES OF PORTAGE, WISCONSIN

By Zona Gale

II

NORTH STAR

HIS boy had stolen some money from a booth
At the County Fair. I found the father in his kitchen.
For years he had driven a dray and the heavy lifting
Had worn him down. So through his evenings
He slept by the kitchen stove as I found him.
The mother was crying and ironing.
I thought about the mother
For she brought me a photograph
Taken at a street fair on her wedding day.
She was so trim and white, and he so neat and alert
In the picture, with their friends about them—
I saw that she wanted me to know their dignity from the first,
And so she brought me this picture, at their best.
But afterward I thought more about the father.
For as he came to the door with me I could not forbear
To say how bright and near the stars seemed.
Then he leaned and peered from beneath his low roof,
And he said:
There *used to be* a star called the Nord Star.

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A BROWSE AMONG THE BEST SELLERS

By Archibald Marshall

I HAVE been asked to write about half a dozen novels said to represent a new development in American fiction, all of which are now being widely read. I do so from my own point of view, as representing, however inadequately, the Victorian tradition, which seems to me to provide standards by which all fiction can be judged, even when it most departs from them—perhaps the more easily when it does most depart from them. This does not mean that one does not recognize an occasional new note in fiction, nor that one is in any way hostile to it nor even that the note of the old novelists is always to be preferred to that of the new. The greatest novelists have always sounded a new note, and will always continue to do so; and the lesser novelists will always follow in their wake. Not even the greatest would write quite in the same way if they could be transplanted from their time to this. Their excellences, let us hope, would be the same, but their imperfections would be less ; for there is not one of them without some imperfections, which experience and criticism have made apparent.

I think, if you take the work of any novelist of established reputation, whether new or old, you will find that the salt in which his books are preserved is their narrative interest. There is always a story of some sort, a recognizable progression, a climax. I can think of no novel that has lasted of which this is not true. But it is equally true that nobody will read the same novel twice only for its story. It must have other qualities, so many in variety and range that it would seem always possible to use one or more of them as they have never been used before, and thus to gain an impression of doing something entirely new. It is for these qualities, whatever they may be, that we reread a story; and yet, but for the story, they would lose half their purpose. Kipling has used his great powers of observation and presentation in his travel books, but what pictures remain in the memory from them compared with those with which he has painted and enlivened his stories? He is a born storyteller, and all his gifts of observation are used at their happiest when they illustrate his stories.

Now a story remains a story all the world over and at all times, and everybody will recognize it as such. Though everybody may not like the same kind of story. Probably, at this time of day there are no new kinds of stories to tell, but only new ways of telling them, and that is all that anybody looks for when there is talk of a new movement in fiction. But I would demand as a first condition in estimating a work of fiction, that it contain a recognizable story. It seems, from past experience, that almost any kind of story will ingerminate a great work of fiction, but that some kind of story is necessary.

As I understand it, the new movement in American fiction, of which these half-dozen books are offered to

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me as examples, lies in a concentration upon the actualities of the life of today, and chiefly upon life as it is lived in American cities or small towns lying apart from the great centres of what, for want of a better word, we must still call culture. I will accept that for the moment, proceed to the examination of the six novels, and then try to come to some conclusion about them. But I can only use the standards I have indicated above, by which I believe all novels can be judged.

The criticisms I have heard passed upon "Main Street" have had chiefly to do with its credibility or otherwise as a picture of the life it portrays. Whether or no it is an all-embracing picture of life in a small prairie town I am not capable of judging, any more than I can judge of whether "Huckleberry Finn" is a true picture of Mississippi life a generation ago, or "La Cousine Bette" a true picture of life in a French provincial town a generation before that. In each case, I should be inclined to trust the author, who is entitled to the point of view from which he sees his subject. In "Main Street" the question is of somewhat more importance than usual, because in his short preface the author seems to confine his subject to an exposure of the civilization of the small American town. But the Gopher Prairies of an imperfect civilization are to be found all over the world, even in the capital cities of the Old World, where people congregate and follow strange gods of progress and of ethics untouched by the larger life that lies all about them. Carol Kennicott might very well have been absorbed into the sort of half-baked community of which her husband was a member if they had met and lived together in London. The only difference would have been that she could have escaped from it by walking round the corner instead of by going from Gopher Prairie to California or Washington.

This would have been the larger, the universal subject—the reactions of a woman of a wider experience and a keener intelligence to the narrow self-satisfied existence to which she was expected to conform. Sometimes the book does seem to be about that; sometimes it seems to be about the by now rather tiresome sexual actions and reactions of a marriage not more unsuitable than the ordinary. Both of these would have made a story, if Mr. Lewis had had them before him as his central idea. But he has told us what his central idea is, and the weakness of his book is that it doesn't make a story, but only creates an atmosphere.

The appreciation with which I read the first half of "Main Street" was of the keenest. There is observation, wisdom, humor, great skill in producing desired effects—all the equipment, as it seemed, of a gifted and experienced novelist. The skill, indeed, is so great that it carried me right through every word of the book, some time after I had given up hope of the greater things toward which such gifts seemed at first to be dedicated. If the aim is only, or chiefly, to portray the meanness of life in a particular kind of community, known to many but not known universally, I don't see how it could be much better done; and at first the pleasure of exploring a strange form of civilization, presented in such closely observed detail, and with such art, is enough. But it is not enough, if nothing is to come of it but still more detail—not enough, that is, for a novel. There is no progression. Carol Kennicott remains at the end much as she was at the beginning, and her successive revolts have little dramatic quality in them. One has

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lost interest in her. Her husband is a finely conceived character, but just fails of the accent that would have made him stand out in all his real strength and all his superficial littleness. One of the very best things in the book is the speech of Mr. Blausser, at the banquet inaugurating the "campaign of boosting". I don't suppose I shall ever read "Main Street" through again, but I shall read that speech again. It represents the extraordinarily agile quality of Mr. Lewis's great talent, which is always in evidence in his dialogue, and is never quite lost at any time.

I ploughed conscientiously through half of "Moon-Calf", and then gave it up. I was mildly interested in the account of Felix Fay's childhood, boyhood, and adolescence, as long as I thought that it was leading me up to something; but the sudden realization that a series of apparently unrelated episodes, with no deeper meaning to them that I could find than what appeared on the surface, was all that was offered to me as a work of fiction, made it no longer possible to continue with them. I had exactly the same experience with "Zell", which was the next of the batch that I took, except that the characters in "Moon-Calf" were not unsympathetic, and those in "Zell" were intolerably so. In both these books, to judge by the informative matter printed with them, there is some design, but in neither was there any trace of a design as far as I went with them, which, as I have said, was rather more than half way. There are qualities in each of them deserving of respect, and I do not quarrel with their popularity. I suppose they are true to the life they depict, and that there are enough people in this country who would get their pleasure from them by recognition of their surface truth. But in either case the scene is essentially unattractive, and insistence upon its details is not enough to carry the interest of a stranger.

In "Miss Lulu Bett", the scene is still that of the small town with its confined ideas and its half-inarticulate speech, but the depression lifts; for here are human souls, in whose workings one can find something to which universal experience responds. There is nothing new in the main idea of the story, which is that of the household drudge who finds release in marriage when she is past her youth. But there could hardly be a more striking example of the value of a story as the string upon which all the scattered pearls of sympathy and observation are strung to make them a coherent whole. This book is a good deal less than half the length of those hitherto noticed, but it is all there—the littleness, the sterile hopes and ambitions of a community set apart from the great currents of life. You are made to see them because the author stands aloof, and uses her gifts of irony and humor and sympathy, and an admirable artistic restraint in setting her scene and presenting her characters. With the others one seems to be forced into participation with the ugliness of life, even a little to be soiled by it. But nothing is common or unclean if it is shot through with the qualities of humanity. Lulu Bett, washing her dishes, wearing her bedraggled clothes, is a sympathetic figure. And one does want to know what is going to happen to her. That is the value of a story: that the reader should be carried on by it.

Booth Tarkington is past master in the art of telling a story. I doubt if there is any living novelist to excel him in the manipulation of his material so as to get the height of narra-

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tive interest from it. The point of interest in "Alice Adams", for the purpose of this article, is that he has forsaken the path of romanticism which he has followed so successfully and for so long, and here puts himself into line with modern realism. He has taken as his subject the manœuvres of a very pretty girl to hold her own in a society to which her parents' means are not adequate, and to provide herself with a husband of superior standing. It is not an inspiring subject, and the author's realism has made it a painful one. He shows us no respect for his heroine until the very last page, when we see her, with all her machinations frustrated, plunging courageously into a new life. "Alice Adams" is a far more damaging indictment of the meanness of life in a provincial town than any of the others, if we are to take the heroine and her unspeakable brother as representative of it. But experience forbids us to do so, and Mr. Tarkington himself has provided one or two characters which, if equally emphasized, would have created exactly the opposite impression.

Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" seems to have been added to the list as an afterthought. It has little in common with the rest, unless her engaging picture of life in New York fifty years ago is to be considered as typifying the narrowness of provincialism. I should not take it so. It may be old-fashioned compared with the life of today, as the social life of fifty years ago might seem old-fashioned in any capital city of the world, or not, according to the manner in which it was treated. But to read this novel after some of the others is like coming out of the scullery into the drawing-room. I don't mean only that its characters are gentle people instead of half-barbarians, for many novelists can make the society of ostensible gentle-people uncleanly, and many others have made the kitchen the cleanest and most attractive room in the house. It is not, at any rate, the fact that she writes about people of high social quality that makes the charm of Mrs. Wharton's novel. She writes about the people she knows, which is the best thing that any novelist can do; and if she writes about rather a narrow circle, so did Jane Austen, and made immortal stories about it. And she goes deeper into essential humanity than any of the others, who are engaged chiefly with the surface of things.

That is the sum of my criticism of this new school, if it is a new school. "Main Street" seems to me to have far more excellences than any of the others, but it is engaged chiefly with the surface of things, and designedly so. It sets out to show the littleness of a certain state of life, and it succeeds. It is an indictment. But it is not a very powerful indictment, because nearly everything is left out that would redeem the most unattractive community from utter meanness, and the very people who are held up to derision would feel instinctively that there was some idealism at work among them of which account should have been taken. It would anger rather than set them toward improving themselves. As for the people to whom such a scene is quite unfamiliar, it may be said that a little of it goes a long way, and that there is too much of it, and not enough of what lies beneath it.

But is it a new school? If it is to be taken as merely intent upon the incidents and accidents of daily living as they exhibit themselves in certain modern communities not universally

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known, it may be called so, but it is a school with no future. One may be interested in one book, if it is well enough written, showing how very unpleasant certain groups of people can be in the mass, but why should one want to go on reading of how unpleasant they are? If we are to consider the scene in which most of these novels is laid as a background to stories of recognizable human character, upon which it peculiarly reacts, then we can accept it, but not as anything particularly new. Hardy's characters react to their rural English surroundings, with which he deals in the most careful detail, and there are innumerable novelists to whom the scene seems more important than the life set forth upon it. But in a novel the scene can gain importance only from the life, and the life is not a succession of small phenomena without any deeper meaning, but the great stream which flows beneath all surface happenings, wherever they may be placed.

"Poor White" came to me some days after I had written the above; but, since I have had it and read it, I cannot leave it altogether out of account. Here is the American scene, as striking and as vivid as that of any of the others, but kept in its proper place as the background to a strong and moving story of human life, and so gaining greatly in effect, and immeasurably in meaning. If fiction in the suaver Victorian tradition has to yield place to work as fine and direct as this, those of us who practise the difficult art need have no fears for the future.

VISION

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

I CAME to the mountains for beauty
And I find here the toiling folk,
On sparse little farms in the valleys,
Wearing their days like a yoke.

White clouds fill the valleys at morning,
They are round as great billows at sea,
And roll themselves up to the hill-tops
Still round as great billows can be.

The mists fill the valleys at evening,
They are blue as the smoke in the fall,
And spread all the hills with a tenuous scarf
That touches the hills not at all.

These lone folk have looked on them daily,
Yet I see in their faces no light,
Oh, how can I show them the mountains
That are round them by day and by night?

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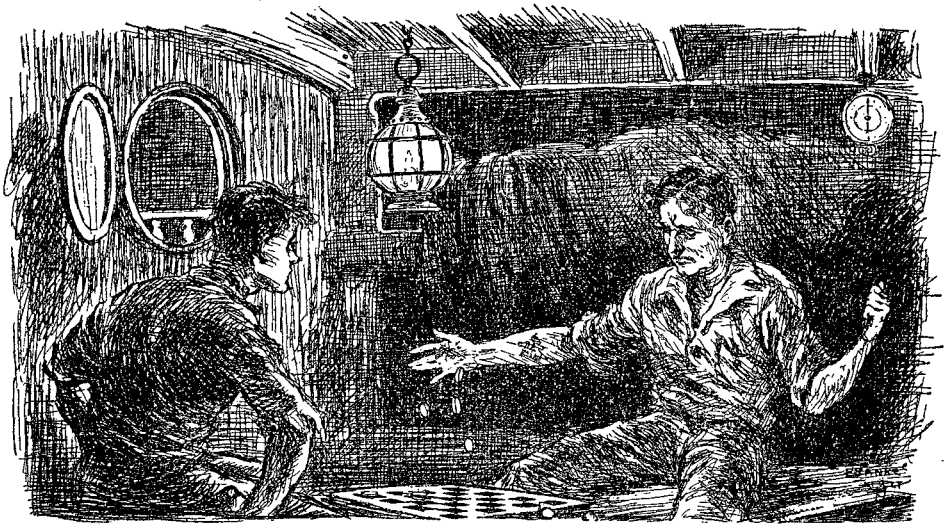

FAITH AND JACK LONDON

By Henry Goodman

With Sketches by Joseph Franké

TO HELL with those damn fools up there! They've got all the light they need. That's all that's necessary for them. We're a bunch of dirty, lousy dogs as far as they care!"

It is true the light was dim. Forecastles are not built on palatial lines, nor to pander or indulge the occupants. Besides, seamen are not supposed to be playing checkers after hours, nor are they ordered to read. Naturally the light provided in the forecastle was not designed to abet either of these desires.

So that Joe Hodgins, who had just quit his watch as lookout and who was now intent on the game he was playing, was made wroth by the poor light. His sombre eyes, filled usually with a deep seriousness, were shot with burning anger. He appealed to Roman, his opponent at the game, a short, heavy-set young man in the late twenties.

"Roman, my boy, keep off the sea." With an impatient move Hodgins brushed the checkers off the board. "I can't play, boy. My eyes get queer when I look at those splotches. Christ, if they'd put a decent light in here, you might read for a change, eh? Got some books with me—stole 'em from a library—Robert Chambers, Tolstoy."

"Tolstoy, hey?" Roman asked in wonder. But then Hodgins's eyes were those of a man who had read much and who had gazed knowingly on beauty. They were warm, temperamental eyes, even though the white cataract in the left was a blind stare in your face.

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Roman was curious about Hodgins, but he said nothing. He would not disturb the wistfulness that seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the sailor before him, shrouding him in distance and unwonted moodiness. Instead he studied Hodgins; the scarred, sickly yellow face; the eyes that had lost their angry fires and were now dim fanes in which walked figures he could not see; the nose long and straight, with nostrils delicately modeled; the long thin lips that were flat over the weak, vacillating chin.

Who was this Hodgins, this able-seaman who had surprised him early one morning by his graceful and deeply sincere recitation of "Flanders Fields"? What manner of man was this who, in a hasty summing up of the authors he liked, ranged in one gallery Robert W. Chambers and Tolstoy; Service and Kipling and Browning and Rex Beach, Tennyson and Longfellow and Bret Harte, and to cap the climax, included "brother Will Shakespeare"?

Roman, watching Hodgins, wondered why the seaman should have warned him, so earnestly, to stay off the sea. Could it be that Hodgins had suffered some cynical experience on shipboard to blind him to all the stirring beauties that were the free reward of all who would use their eyes and hearts?

Even now, thought Roman, even here, the fo'c's'le stuffy as it is; the ship slow as she is, all are part of the poignant beauty of the night. As he thought, his eyes staring out of the port hole at sea and rounded, deep sky, Roman listened to the heavy, even tread of the lookout on the forecastle head. The night, dark and with a heavy mist blurring the few stars, made the lookout's work particularly exacting. From side to side the lookout walked, his feet crashing down in heavy, regular succession on the steel roof over the heads of the crew. In his mind's eye Roman could see Tom, muffled up in his oilskins, as he stopped for a moment to gaze ahead from the port and then from the starboard side of the ship.

High on the bridge the bell struck the half hour.

There came the stumbling of the lookout's feet as he hurried to the bell on the forecastle-head. The forecastle bell boomed its swinging, echoing call: "Dong, dong." Tom's voice, high-pitched and drawn-out, called: "All's well, sir."

Roman was quick to take the cue.

"Hodgins," he said, "there's the good word for you. 'All's well, sir.' Man alive! Just think of it. Here we are—a crew of thirty-two souls, thirty-two humans—with hearts and hopes and all sorts of secret desires and plans and ambitions. Here we are, in the night on the open sea. If a storm should come up; if a sudden pulse should quicken its course in the sea; if a derelict should loom up in the night—and it's a dark night, too—we are as good as done for. Yet we put one pair of eyes up there at lookout and we get into our bunks, and some of us", he pointed to the sleeping men in the bunks, "sleep the sleep of the righteous. Faith, man, that's what it is. Faith in the feeling, the instinct, that we are in the palm of Him, or Someone, who sees all and knows all. He will look after us."

"Hell with that stuff. Come off it, son," was Hodgins's rejoinder. Hodgins stood up. His tall, loose frame towered over Roman. He stretched his long arms out, spat on the forecastle floor with an angry twist of his lips, then sat down again. For a minute he looked in silence at Roman,

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studying the sober face, the dark quiet eyes, and the firm, curving lips.

"Look here, Roman Faith—that's damned piffle. The reason those guys sleep as they do is they don't give a damn whether they get up or not. I don't give a hang whether I live or die."

"You talk of faith, do yuh? Well, listen! You sound like a man that's read and heard of things. I don't know why you are here. Like as not some love affair—eh?—girl thrown yuh over. It don't matter: stay off the sea's what I got to tell yuh. Stay off! Don't make another voyage, see!

"Now then, since we're talking, let me tell you what I'm doing here." He stopped to look at Roman with a close, penetrating look. The cataract eye was white in the dimness of the forecastle.

"You've read Jack London, eh?"

"Why, of course. 'The Call of the Wild', 'The Sea Wolf', and", Roman answered until interrupted by the swift, excited, vibrant voice of Hodgins. Hodgins's fingers closed tight on Roman's wrist.

"That's it...'The Sea Wolf'. And for reading that book and believin' it and trustin' in it, I've paid with ten years of my life."

Hodgins's voice, resentful and passionate, was loud because of the crescendo of intensity which carried it.

From a bunk in a far corner came the protesting, angry voice of Pete Frandsen who had been awakened from sleep.

"Hey dere, for the Loard's sake, Hodyens, caint you let a fallo sleep?"

"Shut your trap, Swede, or just go plumb to. Get me!"

And disregarding Frandsen's protest, Hodgins turned back to Roman.

"I've been ten years on the sea;—ten years tryin' to get away from it. I've been on every sort of dirty hulk: British limee, freighter, tank, passenger. I've been ordinary and I've stoked; I've been at the wheel as quartermaster and now I'm back just a plain A.B. I've left the damned ships at Galveston and Genoa, at Singapore and Havana and Liverpool and Havre and London. And each time I'd made up my mind to stay off and each time I had to come back."

In the silence of Hodgins's pause Roman heard the snoring of the sleepers in the bunks and a soft liquid tapping, as of playful fingers, on the plates of the ships. Out of the corner of his eyes, set on Hodgins, he could see the long legs of Tony overflowing the cramped space of his bunk. Mexico's round body, a blurred, yellow hill underneath the blankets, quivered with the dull shaking of the vessel. The smoke of Hodgins's cigarette swayed and spread in tenuous fibres close to the ceiling. Now the throbbing of the engines became audible and mingled with the soft, liquid tapping of the calm sea on the other side of the steel plates.

"You wonder why?" said Hodgins looking into Roman's questioning eyes. "I've a kid sister to support. Had to support her since my first trip in quest of Mr. Jack London's heroic 'Sea Wolf'. When I got back I found my parents had died, both of 'em. There was the kid to take care of and only me to do it. I'd left college—yes sir, C. C. N. Y. to be exact—after I read about the 'Wolf'.

"I just couldn't keep going to class day in, day out. Nothing happenin'—and me layin' awake nights dreaming about the sea and Wolf Larsen and all the wild adventures. So one day I went down to the docks on Water Street and signed up on a British lime-juicer. Never let the folks know

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about it. No, had no quarrel with 'em. They were just too respectable for me. When I came back they were gone. I had no trade; I couldn't tackle any job; and there she was, needin' someone to pay for her keep.

"I've asked myself many times," Hodgins said, half in soliloquy. "Maybe I didn't try hard enough on shore. Maybe I coulda found a job. But you know a sailor is always a good-for-nothing to folks ashore. Soon as they found I was a seaman they just cut me loose. All you got to do is tell a guy you're a sailor. He knows you booze and you go in for women and you're too damned much on adventure to be worth a damn.

"So back I went to sea, hoping always I'd get off at some place. And here I am yet. And as for Jack London—that stuff about these seamen being great guns—the master-men dope don't go, as far as I know. The officers are mostly just damn hard guys. They don't know a hell of a lot and think you're a fool if you read a book.

"Many's the time I'd've given something if I could get killed. That's why I went to war. I haven't the nerve to do it myself. There's that kid and she wants to go to high school now."

Hodgins laughed in a queer way. His lips rolled back and the cataract eye swung toward Roman.

"And then," he continued, "the funny thing is the grip of the sea. I was a teamster in one of my getaways. Spring came on. The air was kinda softening and sweet. I thought of the way the sea-wind was blowing. I had to get away from shore. I left the team and wagon on the street. I had my seaman's ticket and signed up once more. Here I am again, a lousy dog in this hole. Roman, my boy, don't make a next trip. Just get off and stay. And now, *s'il vous plaît*, as we'd say at college, let's turn in."

A wave of sympathy flooded Roman; sympathy for Hodgins in the vortex of his chaotic desires and failures, in all the extremities of passion which he had never known how to direct in one limpid channel.

"You've been through a pretty rough mill," he said to Hodgins, who was climbing into his bunk.

"Yes. But what the hell's the good of it?" Hodgins was silent a moment. A sudden wind was blowing the sea against the ship's sides and from the rails along the forecastle-head came the wail of the flying wind. It was a clear voice, but the language was the impenetrable secret of the sea.

"Just listen to that; just listen. That always gets me," Hodgins said with quiet feeling. Roman was silent.

High on the bridge "four bells" sounded.

The stumbling steps of the lookout broke the silence in the forecastle. The bell on the forecastle-head boomed in answer.

The lookout called in the night: "All's well, sir", and a distant voice, curt and sudden like an officer's command, answered: "All is well!"

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THE RETURN TO THE QUIET NOVEL

By Maurice Francis Egan

PUBLISHERS probably understand the psychology of the crowd, as well as the psychology of the individual; theatrical managers are notoriously deficient in this knowledge. Augustin Daly once said that a play might be of absorbing interest in the reading and at the rehearsal, but turn out on the first night to be a terrible bore, even to those who believed in it. "The costume drama", said a distinguished manager, "is done. You cannot get up a particle of interest in romance when it wears great hoopskirts and periwigs; and as for the drama of southern life, it is dead." This was said in Mr. Daly's time too; but how many costume dramas, and how many southern stories have been out on the stage successfully since 1880? There will always exist lovers of the historical drama and the historical play and, even in greater numbers, of the novel of quiet life; the more exciting the times become, the more a certain number of human beings turn to the quiet novel and to poetry. Who would have said five years ago that publishers would welcome verse instead of treating it as a thing beloved by the elect but despised of the people?

Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" and Charles Reade's "It is Never Too Late to Mend" and Whyte-Melville's racing stories, and "Elsie Venner" by the great Doctor Holmes, and "all the sensations of our youth" including "Ishmael" or "Out of the Depths" by the good Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, are forgotten. Who now remembers a delectable romance by Pierce Egan, Jr.—"Lady Violet; or The Wonder of Kingswood Chase"? Many novels of "contemporaneous human interest" and tumultuous violences have passed away; but Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and, in a lesser degree, "The Warden" of Anthony Trollope, will never pass!

In the beginning of the war, when everybody in Europe was bewildered, amazed, horribly troubled, I took refuge during the few quiet evenings left to me in the novels of Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant. Now Mrs. Oliphant is not to be despised; not even Trollope himself has done better in his clerical novels of English life than she, in the "Chronicles of Carlingford", of which "Phoebe Jr." is one of the best. Mrs. Oliphant's novels are unequal, largely because she wrote too often against time—"Blackwood's Magazine" seemed to be a great sponge which absorbed everything she produced. Sometimes, like Trollope in "Phineas Redux", she makes the quiet greyness of her atmosphere lurid with a murder or two; but one takes this as one takes the melodrama of "The House of Merrilees" by Archibald Marshall, as an excusable affliction.

It was astonishing to discover how many of my English-speaking colleagues, during the war, took to Trollope. The quiet novel seemed to have disappeared, and one grew weary of Mr. Wells and all the New School when they began to preach. It seemed to the average intellect that people who knew so much ought to have prevented the

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war, and one became terribly bored by sociological problems, even when charmingly considered by Viola Meynell, whose devotion to the New Thought and the New Method could not conceal her genius. But after all, your novel reader wants what he *wants;* sometimes it is a great fat muffin, like "Alice-for-Short"; sometimes a really strong drink, like "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Master of Ballantrae". There is no use arguing with him; and when he wanted something quiet, nothing quiet seemed to be forthcoming. The English reader almost seemed inclined to return in despair to Miss Mitford's "Our Village", the American hauled out the books of Sarah Orne Jewett and Nora Perry; but he did not want short stories, he desired above all things acres of comfortable quietness.

None of the novelists seemed to be quiet enough. Suddenly came J. E. Buckrose with "The Gossip Shop" and "The Matchmakers" and "The Silent Legion", and then, just as suddenly, Archibald Marshall was discovered. He was just what we all, hardened novel readers, wanted. Here were peaches and cream — Devonshire cream; people with no brains to speak of (or, at least if they had brains, they never spoke of them); young ladies to whom Bernard Shaw would be incomprehensible, Wells repellent, and Arnold Bennett merely an educational study in modern style; they are granddaughters of Trollope's Lily Dale, grandnieces of his Duchess of Omnium, and near relatives to all those Squires and Squiresses who live in the very comfortable houses which Mrs. Oliphant delighted to build.

To Dr. William Lyon Phelps we owe an authoritative command to read Archibald Marshall's novels. It is curious how interest in a comparatively unknown book grows. The professional critic does not, as a rule, discover it first; it is read by somebody of sympathy and taste, who recommends it to somebody else, and the interest waxes. I had just finished, as an invalid, my twenty-fifth course of Jane Austen's novels. I found no comfort in Mrs. Humphry Ward; Arnold Bennett, after "Clayhanger", gave me no consolation; I had finished every book I could find of the soothing Buckrose, when one day a very interesting lady said, "If you want to understand *my* husband you must study Squire Clinton." "Who is Squire Clinton?" I asked. "Marshall's Squire Clinton, of course," she said; and a few days after this "The Squire's Daughter", "The Eldest Son", "The Honour of the Clintons", and "The Old Order Changeth" arrived by post. After this I was not compelled to go, as a last resort, back to Miss Mitford's "Our Village". I at once made the acquaintance of the delectable Squire Clinton, whom every discriminating person ought to know. He is one of the most exasperating persons in literature, yet he is so intensely human and so true to life that you are compelled to return to his company, and—this is a very great compliment to his creator—you find yourself inventing murderous things which his wife, being a good Englishwoman of the old school, ought to say, but never does! He permeates the four novels I have mentioned, which ought to be read in succession.

As I always read everything written by Doctor Phelps, I naturally discovered his brochure on Marshall. It was delightful to find such an authoritative corroboration of a reason for my own pleasure in Marshall's works, though I objected at once to his assumption that Mr. Marshall is either the successor, the reincarnation, or the

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successful imitator of Anthony Trollope. One might as well compare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with a glass of Pontet Canet '93, with chicken à la Marengo and a drop of Château Yquem! It cannot be done! Mr. Marshall is really like nobody but himself; but one of the first conventions of the critic is the tradition of comparison. When Mr. Marshall tries to be anybody else, as he does in "The House of Merrilees", where he attempts an impossible bit of melodrama, or in "Upsidonia", a theme which Mr. Howells alone could treat with success, he fails. It has occurred to me that in the quest for the quiet novel I should have found "The Lady of the Aroostook", "Their Wedding Journey", "The Rise of Silas Lapham", near at hand; but after all, Mr. Howells's novels are not quiet novels; their pictures of an unquiet mental life, while sure to be ranked among the classics, are restlessly American. In moments of stress and trouble some of Mr. Howells's heroes might be driven to whisky,—but never to tea; and a quiet life without the regular relays of tea is impossible!

Mr. Marshall has not the solidity of Anthony Trollope. There is no novel in all this delightful set that ranks with "The Warden" or " Barchester Towers" or with "Phineas Finn", until we come to the useless murder of Mr. Bonteen—Trollope was not good at murders. One might as well compare Marshall with Miss Austen, which would be absurd, for Mr. Marshall cannot avoid, when he paints a bore, making us feel the boredom of the bore, whereas Miss Austen makes us enjoy bores. If one must make comparisons, one may use Mrs. Oliphant at her best; this, however, gives no real light on Marshall's position as a novelist. In the first place, he is true to the life he knows. Intolerant people, filled with the New Thought, say that the life he presents is such a useless life that it will soon be as extinct as the Dodo. Fortunately, Mr. Marshall does not think so; and in "The New Order Changeth" he shows us that beautiful and well-ordered lives almost free from restlessness though not free from anxieties, may still be led in England, with money, and not land, as a basis. This is a view which Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant and, above all, the master, Thackeray, would never have taken.

Anyone who knows English country life, who has had the pleasure of being with intimate friends in the houses of any county of England, cannot fail to be delighted with the truth of Mr. Marshall's pictures. He is never satirical; he is never hard, or *glacé*, as Mrs. Ward frequently is. He has few touches of high spirituality, it is true. Even Monsignor Benson of "The Sentimentalist" and "The Conventionalist", who hated the unmystical character of his countrymen, would find great difficulty in inducing any of Mr. Marshall's characters to accept the ecstasies of Saint Teresa or Francis Thompson. Mr. Marshall's clerics have forgotten the Oxford movement; they are keen for the retention of the Church Establishment because it preserves their livings; they have no theological ardor except in the case of the wonderfully portrayed Mrs. Prentice, in "Exton Manor", or of Mrs. Merrow.

Mr. Marshall has none of Anthony Trollope's rage against the inequality of the poor parson, as compared with the rich one (Trollope had been brought up among poor parsons); and Mr. Marshall, being nothing of a preacher himself, does not idealize the character of his delightful bishop, or of the various clergymen who ornament his pages. His small gallery of

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clerical portraits is carefully studied. One is tempted to wish that he had introduced a poignantly spiritual contrast to these gentlemen who evidently feel that the world cannot go altogether wrong so long as the Established Church of England remains. This, however, might be asking too much of an author whose value consists in his power of portraying what he sees rather than what he feels. And from this point of view Mr. Marshall is eminently satisfactory.

Some of the serious-minded critics declare that Mr. Marshall's range is too limited, that he knows nothing of real life outside of his own tight little island and the gentry of its counties; that he must have an idle mind because he evidently rather likes people who are credited with leisure because they do not spin. This is said by the earnest admirers of the modern intensely activist movement—which, however, will pass before it can destroy all the beauty in the world. That Mr. Marshall does understand phases of character which are not purely English is shown especially in his treatment of the Frenchman, the Marquis de Lassigny in "Abington Abbey". Grafton, in that novel, is a thoroughly English father of a very different type from Squire Clinton, but with some of his idiosyncrasies. Lassigny is in love with Grafton's daughter Beatrix. Grafton is determined to break off the engagement, for Lassigny is everything which Grafton detests: he is French; he is a Catholic, though this seems to count only incidentally; he is not so virtuous as Grafton assumes, with some conceit, all Englishmen in the social position of the Marquis are; —in a word, Lassigny is not English.

Permit me to give the interview—page 211—between Grafton and the Marquis. Lassigny says:

"In my own country—but you must remember that I am only half French—one makes love, and one also marries. The two things don't of necessity go together. But I have known England for a long enough time to prefer the English way."

This was exactly the opening that Grafton wanted, but had hardly expected to be given in so obvious a way.

"Exactly so!" he said, leaning forward a little, with his arm on the table by his side. "You marry and you make love, and the two things don't go together. Well, with us they do go together; and that's why I won't let my daughters marry anybody but Englishmen, if I can help it."

Lassigny looked merely surprised. "But what do you think I meant?" he asked. "I love Beatrix. I love her with the utmost respect. I pay her all the honour I can in asking her to be my wife."

"And how many women have you loved before?" asked Grafton. "And how many are you going to love afterwards?"

Lassigny recoiled, with a dark flush on his face. "But do you want to insult me?" he asked.

"Look here, Lassigny," said Grafton again. "We belong to two different nations. I'm not going to pick my words, or disguise my meaning, out of compliment to you. It's far too serious. You must take me as an Englishman. You know enough about us to be able to do it."

"Well!" said Lassigny, grudgingly, after a pause. "You asked me a question. You asked me two questions. I think they are not the questions that one gentleman ought to ask of another. It should be enough that I pay honour to the one I love. My name is old, and has dignity. I have—"

"Oh, we needn't go into that," Grafton interrupted him. "We treat as equals there, with the advantage on your side, if it's anywhere."

"But, pardon me; we must go into it. It is essential. What more can I do than to offer my honourable name to your daughter? It means much to me. If I honour it, as I do, I honour her."

"I know you honour her, in your way. It isn't our way. I'll ask you another question of the sort you say one gentleman ought not to ask of another. Should you consider it dishonouring your name, or dishonouring the woman you've given it to, to make love to somebody else, after you've been married a year or two, if the fancy takes you?"

Lassigny rose to his feet. "Mr. Grafton," he said, "I don't understand you. I think it is you who are dishonouring your own daughter, whom I love, and shall always love."

Grafton, without rising, held up a finger at him. "How am I dishonouring her?" he asked with insistence. "Tell me why you say I'm dishonouring her."

Lassigny looked down at him. "To me," he

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said slowly, "she is the most beautiful and the sweetest girl on earth. Don't you think so too? I thought you did."

Grafton rose. "You've said it; it's her beauty," he said more quickly. "If she loses that,—as she will lose it with her youth,—she loses you. I'm not going to let her in for that kind of disillusionment."

Lassigny was very stiff now, and entirely un-English in manner, and even in appearance. "Pardon me, Mr. Grafton, for having misunderstood your point of view. If it is a Puritan you want for your daughter I fear I am out of the running. I withdraw my application to you for her hand."

The mother of the discarded Marquis makes an attempt to set things right. She fails; and most English people, but very few who are French, will sympathize with Grafton's point of view. The conversation occurs in "Abington Abbey", page 263.

"I wasn't brought to Europe to marry a title, as some of our girls are. It was a chance I did so. I was in love with my husband, and my married life was all I could wish for, as long as it lasted. It would be the same, I feel sure, with your daughter."

Grafton smiled at her. "If we are to talk quite directly," he said, "and it's no good talking at all if we don't—I must say that, as far as I can judge, American women are more adaptable than English. They adapt themselves here to our ideas, when they marry Englishmen, and they adapt themselves to Frenchmen, whose ways are different from ours. I don't think an English girl could adapt herself to certain things that are taken for granted in France. I don't think that a girl like mine should be asked to. She wouldn't be prepared for it. It would be a great shock to her if it happened. She would certainly have a right to blame her father if she were made unhappy by it. I don't want my daughters to blame me for anything."...

As I have said, one should begin the series with "The Squire's Daughter"; and if one begins the series, one will feel obliged to go on. Take the beginning of the first chapter in "The Squire's Daughter". Squire Clinton speaks: "I recollect the time when two women going to a ball were a big enough load for any carriage. You may say what you like about crinolines, but I have seen some very pretty women in them in my time."

You settle down for a contented hour, after that! Callers would be unwelcome!

"The Greatest of These" contains some good pictures—not only sketches. Mrs. Merrow, the wife of the evangelistic clergyman, and Mrs. Prentice can never rank near to Trollope's peerless Mrs. Proudie; but they have a place of their own. Mrs. Merrow is not the socially downtrodden "dissenter" of the Victorian novels; the non-conformist is a different person now. She is rather a haughty lady, not at all awed by the rank of the wife of the rector, Lady Ruth, who is altogether charming—she was a daughter to the Earl of Hampshire, and a temperamental inability to comport herself as the wife of a busy clergyman was regarded indulgently for the sake of the title! And Gosset!—the sanctimonious, overbearing, hopelessly very low middle-class Gosset! You must know him if you want to appreciate the character of his opponent, the Radical Morton, whose daughter "goes wrong". Now Morton's state of mind would be incomprehensible in a Victorian novel; Morton would have been greedy and unscrupulous, or melodramatic and pathetic. It is an uncharitable thing to say of any man, but since Morton evidently believed that his daughter would "go wrong" sometime, it seems as if he was rather pleased that the son of the sanctimonious Gosset should have been the cause of it. Young Gosset behaves well; he rushes to the rescue of the damsel he has compromised. Morton is against him. "'e's been brought up in a religious 'ome, 'e 'as," he says ironically.

"I'll make her a good husband," said the boy with downcast eyes. "I shan't forget what she has to go through because of me. I'll look after her. I'll make her a good husband."

"And my girl's the girl you'd choose to marry,

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even if there 'adn't been this little mistake between you?"

The boy was silent.

"Well, you don't seem to speak up very ready. Looks almost as if, now you'd 'ad your fun, you was wantin' to pay for it, 'cos you think you ought, not because you want to."

There was no answer.

Morton threw his cap on the table, and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Now I'll tell you what," he said, looking at all three of them in turn. "There ain't going to be no marriage between the daughter of Jim Morton, Esquire, builder's foreman, and the son of Mr. Snivelling Psalm-singing Gosset. It's me that don't 'ave it, not you. My girl's made a slip, and she'll 'ave to pay for it; and what she can't pay for I'll pay for 'er. I don't want your dirty money, you Gosset! You can save it up for the missionaries. You're a canting 'umbug; that's what you are.

"If you'd acted as I knowed quite well you wouldn't act when I come in, I'd never 'ave said another word against you. And you'd 'a come off just as well, too, for I never wanted no marriage, and never meant to 'ave none neither."

"I'll pay for the girl's confinement," said Gosset doggedly, "and towards the upbringing of the child."

"No, you won't. You won't pay nothing. You've 'ad your chance of be'aving like what you pretend to be, and you've chucked it away. You ain't going to set yourself right by paying money. The child's going to be born in my 'ouse, and it's going to live in my 'ouse. I dessay I shall take to it. I'm fond o' kids, and it won't make no difference to me that it wasn't born in 'oly wedlock. You'd like to bury it out of sight; but it won't be buried out of sight. You'll often see it about, when it grows a bit; but there's one place you won't see it, and that is in your 'umbuggin' chapel!"

The Reverend Mr. Mercer is in strong contrast to the amiable husband of Lady Ruth, who was a gentleman and tried to be a gentlemanly "priest"; Mrs. Prentice, wife of the other vicar, the Reverend William Prentice, is of the species of the obnoxious Mr. Mercer, with whom one may be angry and sin not.

"Bacon, my dear," said Mr. Prentice, uncovering the dish in front of him.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Prentice, in a tone that meant more than her words. It was the season of Lent, and Mrs. Prentice was fasting on a principle of her own, and liked it to be known that she was doing so.

Mr. Prentice helped himself apologetically from the dish. He, also, was fasting on a principle of his own, which did not involve the loss of his morning bacon. He had to keep up his strength.

We must not forget Lady Manserge,—a lady with an honest heart, a tendency to cockney English, and a past on the variety stage, which, in spite of the testimony of novelists who do not know their subject, hunting society in an English county is very willing to forget. She is worthwhile. But what is the use of introducing the readers of THE BOOKMAN to this group of persons, if they will not continue the acquaintance? Such a perfunctory introduction is like the mere crackling of thorns under a pot! You must know Young George and Jimmy and the Pemberton girls and Virginia, the American (who is acceptable to her "in-laws" because she is not *too* American), and Turner, the novel reader—the enviable novel reader—and Maximilian Browne, his friend; and you must love the goodness of the evangelical Dr. Merrow, and hear the snubbing of the Reverend A. Salisbury Mercer! And when you have finished *all* Mr. Marshall's books—excepting "Upsidonia" and "The House of Merillees"—you will object to any new system of sociology, whether founded on the fourteen propositions or not, which is to deprive the world of an atmosphere in which the most strenuous ought to delight. If the late war is to bring about the abolishing of the English country family and of the well-kept lawns and the screens that keep the breezes from blowing out the alcohol lamps under the tea kettles on those lawns in summer, and the extirpation of the foxes,—we owe the Germans even a more deadly grudge! Let Shaw and Chesterton and the rest of the uneasy go, and even Lloyd George!—provided we can keep our Marshall and the life he depicts!

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Of Mr. Marshall's recent books "The Clintons and Others" is not a collection of short stories, but a notebook of fragments of novels that might be written. "Kencote" approaches more closely to what a short story ought to be; "In that State of Life" and "A Son of Service" afford happy glimpses of novels that would have charmed us. As it is, they are *sorbets de surprise* that merely whet our appetite for another novel. And Mr. Marshall's world is full of people we should like to know more of. As somebody said of Trollope, "As long as English society exists, he will remain inexhaustible".

"Sir Harry" is really a love story, an idyl of spring and innocent youth and purity. It is as thoroughly English as all the other novels of Mr. Marshall, and therefore it will please his inveterate admirers who would cease to be devoted to him the moment he failed to give them the atmosphere which they like. It lacks something of the humor of the best of the other novels; at times it touches dangerously near romance, which we do not at all want from the pen of Mr. Marshall. It is good, but it is not his best; however, it cannot be said to show any real lack of his charming qualities. With the stroke of a pen one might reveal the plot, which is not at all complicated but is determined, as it should be in a good novel, by the relations of the dramatis personæ to one another. Mr. Marshall is certainly one of the first of the "quiet" novelists, but there is no very modern novel which has a finer scene, pregnant with feeling which is anything but quiet, than that in chapter 26, when "Lady Brent Speaks". The constant reader of Mr. Marshall's novels approaches a new one from his pen with a fear that it may be inferior to its predecessors; "Sir Harry" is not inferior, but only different.

"The Hall and the Grange", Mr. Marshall's very latest novel, is a return to his best manner, which he seemed to have lost in "Sir Harry" and "Many Junes". It is satisfactory to those among his confirmed admirers who cannot have too much of the types he has made his own. One enjoys the quietness of the countryside all the better because the war is over, and the petty struggle between the hall and the grange, which brings out the characteristics of some very real English gentlefolk, occupies the foreground of the story without being dwarfed by great events. It is the novel of Mr. Marshall which, in spite of an entirely new treatment, reminds one most closely of Anthony Trollope. There is a flavor of "The Vicar of Bullhampton" about it; but there is no character quite so good in it as Trollope's Reverend Frank Fenwick; all the English characteristics which Trollope knew so well how to depict are in evidence here. Lady Eldridge and her sister-in-law are better done than any of Trollope's women. To the leisurely reader they will be a constant pleasure; and, though one may look on the assertion as almost sacrilegious, there is something in the recent shocking announcement of a modern young person that she finds these two ladies more charming than any woman drawn by Miss Austen. In fact, her words were these: "Miss Austen has nothing on Mr. Marshall when he describes quiet English women!"

This is going too far; but it is a very modern tribute to a novelist whose genre pictures are delightful additions to our gallery of English portraits.

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THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

Extracts From the Novel by Stephen Vincent Benét

(*Continued from the July Bookman*)

SUCCESSION OF DAYS—1905

THE skinny minute-hand of the white-faced clock over Major Stelly's desk in the big assembly room hitches slowly from numeral to numeral. Philip looks up at it again from the glare of naked electric light that floods over his cramped little desk. Fifteen minutes till recall from study period and he is so sleepy already that his eyes feel as if they had been washed with sand. He turns to the back of the geography for relaxation —what other lessons he has had to prepare are done. Tangier—imports, machinery—exports, silks, gold-dust, and cinnabar. *Cinnabar.* Golly, what a name! He whispers it roundly, tasting it over his tongue. Morocco—imports, machinery—exports, leather and sackcloth. Sackcloth and ashes are in the Bible, but I suppose it doesn't matter what kind of ashes. Siam—imports, machinery—exports—must be white elephants—white elephants—big—whi-te—e-le-phants—

Philip pulls up his head just as it is about to drop to the desk lid and tries to shake the heavy drowse out of it by one quick toss as a swimmer shakes off water. It's no good. He is smothering under sleep, and he mustn't, he mustn't go to sleep. Major Stelly caught Fat Clark sleeping ten minutes ago and gave him an hour and a half on the beat. An hour and a half sentry-go with a Civil War musket six feet high.

Now he's sitting up there at his desk —a little grey wrath of a retired army officer with the sour eyes of a biting horse. Ten years of teaching at Kitchell Military Academy have left him with the restraint of a hanging judge and the ingenuity in small cruelties of a Jesuit Inquisitor. The great, hushed legend of the school is of "the time when Woozy Fisher knocked him out". . . . Philip catches his glance for a moment and looks away quickly. The clock hand jumps. Four minutes gone.

Madagascar—imports, machinery—don't they ever buy anything but machinery? A picture of thousands of brown, sleek natives cavorting with howls of joy about the vast bulk of a McCormick reaper, forms fantastically in Philip's mind. Too hot there to want other things, probably. Too hot even to handle the machinery. As hot as this room.

The air is breathless and weighty over Philip—the air is smoky with heat and the smell of pine and spilt ink and boys. Philip takes a long sucking breath and his will surrenders suddenly, without any warning. He looks stupidly at the flagellating, harsh light on Fat Clark's open History on the next desk. He feels as if he were being pleasantly suffocated under great pillows and bolsters of sleepy warmth. And then he doesn't feel or think at all.

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Vague discomfort—swift pain—he can't breathe—he can't breathe at all—he is choking. He opens his mouth and eyes with a gasp—a sharp finger and thumb are gripping down on his nose. Major Stelly swims cloudily into vision as he forces up his thick, drugged eyelids. Major Stelly's hand is pinching his nose. The whole room chirrups and swirls with muffled laughter. Major Selly's voice coughs dryly above him.

"Three hours on the beat tomorrow, Sellaby. Report from me to the Sergeant of the Guard."

He lets go of Philip's nose and turns to look for the laughter. It stops as if it were blown out like the flame of a candle. Then the little tin-godly man is satisfied and his footsteps crackle back to his desk again, leaving Philip to tender examination of his nose.

Out of the cool night that drifts and whispers like snow against the stuffy squares of hot windows, expected and clear and sudden, comes the brief falling call of a bugle. For an instant it fills the sterile air, drooping wistfully, a blown flower of silver spray.

"'Tenshun!" coughs Major Stelly. "Sergeants, take command of your squads!"

"Sellaby," says Major Stelly, bronchially, "I have decided to make you a sergeant."

"Yes, sir." Philip stands at the ideal Manual-of-Arms position of attention, stomach cramped into his back, hands flat at sides, chest out.

"Ah—I'll be frank with you, Sellaby. For quite a time—in fact, for the first year you were at Kitchell—Dr. Kitchell and myself were a bit anxious about you. You didn't seem to get on with the other boys."

"No, sir?" The query is surreptitiously acid.

"No, but lately—you've developed. You've been (tck!) forgetting all that nonsense—doing your drill smartly—like a soldier, like a soldier, sir. So now, we have decided to give you this chance—"

Philip's posture holds stiff and correct, but his mind drifts off from the little coughy man in front of him. He sees himself as he was when he first came to Kitchell, a scared atom of an "only child", to be kicked around and chucked into corners like Froggy Stillman's books. Now he has improved—he has the age and the muscles and the bag of dirty stories that will keep him from being bullied at all, that may even permit him to bully someone else. A fierce cramped hatred runs through him at the bullies and his new chevrons and Major Stelly and the whole air of uniformed stupidity and disciplined nastiness that hangs over the school like gas above a marsh. Lord! If he could only get out of the place!

"And so, Sellaby, man to man, we believe in you," ends the Major. His hand goes out tentatively. Philip shakes it in silence, loathing the moist, froggy palm. Then he salutes and makes his about-face perfectly. Major Stelly believes him righteously overcome with emotion.

In his room alone that night, Philip writes letters.

"Dear Father:—

Major Stelly told me today that I am to be made a sergeant at next promotions. This brings up a thing (*crossed out*) a matter I have wished to write you about for a long time. Father, I have been at Kitchell two years and I hate it more than any other place in the world. (*Some erasures of false starts with initial I's.*) This may come as a surprise to you, but I mean it. As a favor, do not send me back after this year, which I can stick

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out all right. I think I have a right to ask this now, as my being promoted shows that I am not effeminate (*inked over*) that I have been able to get some good out of the training, but not enough to warrant my staying longer. Father, the place is a dirty hell, that's all, and I—"

But here the page is torn right across its face. The writer rips his pen through the last sentence, crumples the sheet into a rag, tries a fresh one.

"Dear Father:—

The weather so far has been fine. I am trying out for track—the sprints—but am pretty rotten, I'm afraid. The coach says I should have come out earlier. We play Lick tomorrow in baseball and, believe me, I certainly hope we 'Lick' (*careful quotation marks*) them as we ought to. Tell Mother the cake was fine. I need some socks. I have lost my allowance two weeks running now for minor sins, nothing to worry about. (*Sketch of a small and very impudent devil, labeled 'Sin, Minor, One'.*) I am having a good time. Oh yes, I meant to tell you, Major Stelly said today that they were to make me a sergeant next promotions. Love to dearest Mother and Aunt Agatha and everyone. And now I must close. As ever, dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

PHILIP."

Room 642 in the St. Francis is grey with evening. Philip, who has been taken out of school for a dentist's week-end and the theatre with his mother and Sylvia, tries his tongue over the new filling in a molar and hopes it won't fall out, this time. Lucia has gone off shopping, leaving Philip with some new dollar bills and the instructions to tea Sylvia and himself to any extent, when the former arrives at the hotel. So Philip, back early from the blowpipes and pecking drills of dentistry, has devoted the last half hour or so to rehearsing his father's lordly indifference with waiters.

"The check, please?" he says to himself for the dozenth time. "Oh yes—" then the hand goes carelessly to the pocket, as to an acknowledged United States Subtreasury of wealth. But the telephone birrs sharply before he has completed the motion of extracting many hundred-dollar notes.

"Miss Persent wishes to speak to Mrs. Sellaby," a detached voice says in his ear.

"Oh—Oh yeah. Well, Mrs. Sellaby's out. This is Mr. Sellaby, Mr. *Philip* Sellaby, Jr. Please send Syl—send Miss Persent up right away, please."

"Very well, sir." The voice is smoothly amused.

Philip wishes to all the tuxedoed gods of books of etiquette, that Lucia had not left him here alone. Still, Sylvia wasn't so bad at camp last summer—for a girl, and a girl cousin at that.

But when Sylvia arrives, she is utterly startling. He is used to her in khaki bloomers, with her hair done up in one long corn-husk rope. Now she appears in pink ruffles that spread like rose petals, she is dressed with the superfluous perfection of a doll in a Fifth Avenue toy store, and her manners while verging on the simpering, overwhelm him with a sense of their completeness.

"H'lo, Syl," he says bluffly, shooting his hand at her. "Glad t'see you. What do you want for tea?"

"How do you do, Cousin Philip." She takes his hand high up in shaking it, making it feel much too large and too carelessly cleaned. "It is very nice indeed of you to think of tea. But where is your mother?"

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"Ah, she went out to do some shopping. She'll be back soon." With an effort, "Shall we—shall we have tea downstairs?"

"I'm not sure that Mother would like me to." This is merely a prim pawn of conversational chess, played to be taken, but Philip knows nothing of gambits and hastily takes her at her word.

"All right," he says with extreme relief. "We'll have it up here." He turns to the phone. "This is room 642, Mr. Sellaby," he begins. "Will you—"

A precise little titter from Sylvia reddens him up to his ears. "Haven't you forgotten to take the receiver off, Cousin Philip?" she says in an edgy giggle....

Half an hour later, things are better. Sylvia has spilled marmalade on her sleeve, said "darn!", and shattered her pose of young propriety. Philip is emerging out of his mist of hot embarrassment. His voice is full of excitement and English muffin.

"Just wait till we get up there next year, Syl," he rattles, jabbing the points home with a sticky fork. "Father says we're going to Freel's Peak, *sure*. Gosh, and it's a two week pack trip there and back and we'll take three burros for the lot of us. Won't that be swell?"

Sylvia nods frantically.

"Great!" she murmurs, examining the empty cream jug. "I hope they let me come, Phil. But they think they want to ship me to a girls' camp. Girls' camp!" She forgets herself utterly and makes sounds as unrefined as they are expressive. "Can't you *see* it, Phil? A bunch of talky *girls?*"

Philip rises, nearly upsetting the tea table. He is hearing of a deliberate atrocity.

"Oh, gee, you mustn't let them do that, Syl! Why if they want to do that— Why it's a crime, that's what it is, it's a dirty crime!"

He waves his arms with the clumsiness of great feeling.

"Say Syl, if *I* can do anything about it—" he starts harshly. Her hand lies in front of him on the chair arm, helpless, soft, a bit jammy. He takes hold of it without in the least knowing why. "If I *can,* you—you tell me," he ends weakly. The whole pulse of his heart seems to beat for a second in the hand over Sylvia's hand. She is trembling faintly, but in control of herself—this has almost happened before, several times, but not with people known like Phil. She looks up at him swiftly, being conscious of the fact that her eyes are beautifully full of tears. Their lips meet once, almost casually, gulls calling to each other across white spray, then settle to a very definite kiss with the swift determination of thirst. It only takes about thirty seconds till Sylvia cries.

Philip feels as if the room were falling to pieces about him, like broken eggshells.

"Syl, Syl, I didn't—I never meant—I never will again—Oh Syl, for God's sake stop crying!" he stutters, unconscious he is repeating one of the favorite lines of all emotional actors, he is so desperately scared and in earnest.

"What did you *do* it for then, you, you *boy?* What did you *do* it for? I didn't mean you to kiss me! I just wanted you to be nice!" through Sylvia's tears. She, too, doesn't know that she has picked up the cue in Philip's speech as neatly as a star in a demonstrative second act.

"I don't know! It's all your fault, you made me!" An outburst of furious sobs. "Oh no, no, darn it, damn it, you didn't make me! *Quit crying!* I wanted to—I—"

Again the noise of the telephone.

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Philip shakes Sylvia violently, kisses her again, tries to express rage, shame, sin, unutterable feeling and despair in one great flopping gesture that merely gives the impression that he is trying to dislocate his arms, and rushes to answer it. It is Lucia this time, and a voice as pleasant and sane as brook water.

"Is Sylvia there?"

"No, yes. Yes, mother, she's here."

"What's the matter, Philip?" A little laughter. "Have you and she been fighting again? She's your guest, you know."

"Oh, yes—oh yes, yes, yes," with extreme emotion.

"It must have been a fight. Never mind. I'll be right up. Have you children left me any tea?"

She rings off before he can answer. He turns back ferociously to Sylvia.

"Now for Pete's sake, Syl—" he begins.

But her weeping has been turned off like a tap. She is sitting up. She is rubbing her cheeks with her handkerchief.

"I am quite all right, thank you," she answers with icy repose. "Quite all right. Please speak to me as little as possible."

When Lucia finds them, Philip is as blasphemously and completely puzzled by the whole affair as Adam was after his first sharp taste of Eden greening. Sylvia gives her aunt-by-courtesy a little-girl kiss with entire composure, a small, correct, and figgily supercilious Eve.

1909

Graduation—continual dress-uniforms—polished swords—white gloves, soft as well-soaped skin, your thumb kept over the spot in one of them—the long echoing floor of Assembly Room waxed to velvety slipperiness for the Senior Dance—girls—Sylvia in faint blue and shrouded silver, the delicate eager throb of her feet retreating before yours—music, now nervously barbaric, now young and full of exquisite, useless tears, slow long spoonfuls of honey-on-ivory. "Pinky" Kitchell—"Handing On The Torch"—"now quit yourselves like men!"—all the throaty emotion of Graduation Sermon, as sham and evident as false hair on a dressing table. Everything with a certain hurried unreality about it, like a movie run too fast over its screen.

A sense that something is ended, something definite, though nobody seems to know exactly what. A desperate sense that hereafter things will be different, ordered and consecutive, clear and purposeful and efficient, like the autobiographies of bank presidents in twenty cent magazines. Old hatreds, old violences, old ardors washed away in twenty-four hours by a tide of kindly, sentimental "good feeling"—hard, emotional handshakes with old enemies instantaneously reconciled because both of you are leaving "the old school". Major Stelly, "Sellaby, you are one of the boys we are proud of . . ." Parents, little and big, obtrusive and meek, full of secret comparisons of their own sons with other people's sons, and that not to the disadvantage of the former. It all ends—it is as suddenly gone as foam down a freshet—and Philip's neat, strapped trunks come home with the shards and ragbag remnants of six years of life in-

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side them, done up in labeled, brown-paper parcels, heaped away in a disorderly muddle of letters and reports and scrawled-over dance cards and old copies of the "Kitchell Weekly Bayonet". Life is closing in on Philip, overtaking him with the sprint of a crafty miler in the stretch. Well, *that's* over!

A month later—and Tahoe and a sense of expanding, delicious freedom, tangible as honey on pancakes, connected somehow with a new equality in his father's talk and not having to account either to him or a first sergeant for any long idle minute of the enchanted day. The happiest summer he has had, a summer as clear and glowing as light through a piece of unflawed amber. Money in the pockets of loose comfortable clothes and a whole great fifteen months to chuck away as he likes, like pennies to a crowd of small boys—for Lucia is a little anxious about his eyes, and he is not to enter Yale till fall after this.

1911

Winter on the white South California beaches. The shells of abalones, murky purple, the white shells of sea snails, so pure, so sculptured, they might have been cut for an altar screen. Philip riding surf with Phil, both so shakingly weak in laughter at their own half-drownings that they can hardly stay on their shooting, slippery planks in smooth water. Lucia untroubled as the sea or the sun, a second youth of the sea come upon her, combing her heavy hair as she sits on a sunny, beast-like rock, a strayed maternal immortal seeming to share in the vagrant peace and calm incertitude of the whole fluctuating world of green swells and dripping foam. Sylvia in a sun-bitten, short bathing suit, the brown swimming child of sea-sound and a mermaid, as beautiful and sexless a thing as the flight of a gull over waves. And in the crystalline hours before night's large stars, when evening departs with the languid magnificence of an argosy and the sky seems made of clear colors and dreams and the single cries of birds, Philip, lying beside the brimstone sparks of a driftwood fire, drinks in with every breath of his body, this saturating and exhaustless life. Yes, and curled so beneath a wrecked and flying twilight once, he half-sleeps and imagines an insolent vision....

The neat door of a very modern office. Three names on the frosted glass in gold, "Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos"; and below in large capitals, "PRIVATE". Philip nevertheless turns the knob and goes in. The chamber within is tremendous, labyrinthine, cut up like some vast bagatelle board into a crisscrossing series of small stone covered and open mazes with green plants growing oddly in some of them. From the mothy vagueness at the far end of the room—if indeed it has an end, for Philip can see no wall there—comes the slumbering dark sound of continuously falling water, water that chuckles and chokes over worn out stones. Three women are seated at desk chairs—their backs are to Philip and they do not turn as he enters—each one has the mouth of a maze before her and they are intent on some sort of game with little colored balls. At the side, a small, inhuman creature

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keeps score with figures that Philip cannot read.

One of the Fates will take a ball up in her palm—all the balls have some faint individuality of tint or pattern and are heaped in huge baskets beside the chairs—examine it and pass it to her sisters. They may mark it with tools that they have by them, blow upon it, rub it on their sleeves, in the end return it. Sometimes the Fate inserts it in her maze alone, sometimes with others; after each has been swallowed up, all the Fates listen and watch together unmovingly. Philip can hear the click and slither of the balls as they rush down the roofed passages, can see them spot the maze with color for an instant, collide with other rushing balls perhaps, then vanish again into the gaping rambles of the board. Some fall through sudden holes without a sound, there are others that circle and circle and do not get free. But the Fates watch steadily with eyes that never blink, till a faint plopping sound, the sound of a light thing dropping into water, ends their fixity. Then they all start slightly, and the creature makes his tally, and the game begins all over again as before.

Philip does not like the quietude of the Fates. At first they seemed merely aunt-like, they and their faces grey as ice, but their unwearying absorption in the clueless game and the recurrent tiny splashes of the colored balls as they fall and are swept away by darkling water, wears at his mind like the scraping of chalk on a blackboard. There is a continual icy fingering on his spine. He grows stiff with the terror of nightmare. The Fates continue their sport, the balls roll softly....

The Fate in the middle has passed a ball to the others. They have sent it back, one has scratched at it with a needle. Now the middle Fate holds it up, dubiously, poised between finger and thumb. It is veined with purple like a chintz, it is a pretty ball. Philip looks at the Fate and finds he cannot move. It is his ball she is holding.

Philip fights the air with his hands, he rushes forward.

"Stop!" he says through the fog of dream that weights him like mail. "Stop! Stop! Give me it! Give me back my ball!"

The calm Fate stirs and opens her thumb and finger. The ball clicks into the maze, Philip can hear it slurring over little bridges, down polished shafts of marble, racing and gathering speed....

He is awakened by Sylvia kneeling beside, tickling his ear with a long feather of dry seaweed.

"Supper!" bawls Phil from the porch. "Come and get it, Philip! Come and get it!"

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THE FEMININE NUISANCE REPLIES

MY dear Mr. Hergesheimer:

Your article in "The Yale Review" for July on "The Feminine Nuisance in American Literature", in which you claim that all that is cheap, meretricious, and flamboyant in American literature is the direct result of the fact that our writers cater almost exclusively to a feminine public which battens on this unhealthy diet, has stirred me to unwonted action; for the first time in my life I am moved to lift up my voice in clamorous protest against a magazine article. I myself am a peculiarly flagrant example of the Feminine Nuisance, cast for the double rôle of great reader and small writer, and in both capacities I send up a stricken and outraged cry. Ungrateful Mr. Hergesheimer! Do you in candor believe that your own royalties are derived from the masculine portion of these United States? Do you in truth visualize all the readers of those official dispensers of sunlight and virility, whom you pillory so blithely and cruelly, as golden ringletted and snowy fingered, hammock swung and chocolate fed? Do you sincerely maintain that the tired business man, the tired professional man—well, the tired average man—turns scornfully from these to James Branch Cabell and your own pages of gold and iron and ivory? In truth, and in good truth, you have turned traitor to a more loyal constituency than you deserve.

You say that ten thousand women read a novel to one man. I cannot guess from what mysterious source you procure these figures that at once accuse and acquit your sex, but do you plead that that solitary masculine figure invariably draws a copy of Conrad or Hardy from his pocket? Look closer at the title—doesn't it say something about "The Girl from Forked Rivers" or "The Man in the Closed Room"?

But let us abandon the "average reader", male or female. Here are two reasonably well-educated citizens, sophisticated and intelligent. Not literati, but distinctly literate. Your well-bred woman of thirty or so, her highly successful husband of thirty-five. Which of these will have read James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold", Conrad's "Lord Jim", Turgenev's "Smoke"? The man with his shrewd and highly-trained mind, or the pretty lady with idle hands and long-lashed eyes? It is not vastly to our credit, I admit. Your sex has purchased leisure for us, in which we are at liberty to turn what brains we have to pleasant ways, leaving our liberators chained to heavy tasks, skilfully and honorably discharged. But they—our fathers and our husbands—they have given us twelve hours a day in which to play, and we have found flowers and fruit in many gardens where their feet are too tired to follow, and somewhat ungraciously and ungenerously we have wailed to all who would listen that these kind barbarians have scant love of flowers and fruit. Given the grace of the unburdened hours that they have bestowed on us, they might have used them to far better purpose; but as it stands, they turn a somewhat lacklustre eye on our pæans to the threaded grace of Henry James, the dark splendor of D.

PEORIA
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H. Lawrence, the tonic stir and swing of William McFee.

There is a third class of feminine novel readers, and I have yet to encounter its exact masculine equivalent. Its members are highly trained in a very specialized field—the field that we intolerably refer to as culture. Professionally, they are neither writers nor critics, but they come perilously near to being professionals on one score. Reading with them has ceased to be a diversion—ceased to be an occupation—it has become, to all intents and purposes, a vocation. Some of them are college bred; many have trained their minds in French gardens and Italian courtyards—all of them could pass an examination on any writer of distinction, past, present, or, in some cases, future! Some of them write papers for clubs; most of them don't. I have met hundreds of them —thousands undoubtedly exist. They can chatter lightly and convincingly of "La Révolte des Anges" and Chekhov's letters and Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson". I know of at least one who had William Hudson on her book shelves before Mr. Galsworthy told her about him—to whom Samuel Butler was an old story when he was a new one to Mr. Shaw's reading public; who had a bright blue copy of Mr. McFee's "Aliens" when "Casuals of the Sea" was an unknown quantity; who had three or four plays of Sem Benelli's well thumbed before the voices of the Barrymores or Lucrezia Bori were heard in the land. I honestly believe that the average well-wrought and well-conceived novel of the present day would die unwept, unhonored, and unsung if it were not for the unwearied fervor of these same maligned ladies. Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan would in all likelihood turn their faces from them, shuddering—but they are the ones who read Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken.

Men of the same intellectual calibre, leisured or harnessed to work, do not read the modern novel of the better class. They are fearful of experimenting with strange food and strange drink; they turn eagerly to the dishes in which they are sure of finding good sturdy meat, to build and sustain their mental fibre. You will find them bending over Bryce's "Modern Democracies" and Wells's "The Outline of History"—stirred and enchanted by O'Brien's "South Seas" and Strachey's "Queen Victoria". If they are genuinely bookish (and how many under sixty will you discover who are that?) they will read anything from Pater to Pepys, from Æschylus to Addison, rather than risk a modern novel. They are never sure whether those strange viands will taste sweet or bitter on the tongue—they have no heart to experiment with them, and if you catch one investigating, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will protest that a woman gave him the book. I do not think that I am overestimating the case when I say that the only class of men who consistently read modern novels of the better sort, are those who write them, or write about them, or market them. They are an infinitesimal number, after all—and they are matched by at least one woman for every man. Do you think that that handful of men could keep any novel afloat if it were not for the support of thousands and tens of thousands of women? Do you think that it is men who pay two dollars for the privilege of reading "Tono Bungay" or "Java Head" or "The Dark Forest" or "Lord Jim"? I'll warrant that the booksellers could tell a different tale.

As for the writers, I know of no

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group of masculine authors who deal less in manufactured sunshine or specious sweetness and light than the large group of women who are now at the head of their profession in England and America—Ethel Sidgwick, Willa Sibert Cather, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Dorothy Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Clemence Dane—I take the names at random; there are at least a score more. They face life in varied ways—some nerveracked and tense, some graceful and ironic, some lusty and ruthless, some shadowed and mysterious, some bitter and defiant—but unquestionably they all face it, with scant truckling to any public thirsting for spurious joy and the conventional happy ending. When someone once remonstrated with Billy Sunday that in bullying his public as he did he was rubbing the cat the wrong way, he retorted, unimpressed, "Well, then, let the cat turn round!" And nearly all of these women have certainly bade the cat turn round!

You say that you are speaking largely of our devastating effects on the "best sellers", which you condemn as a class unsparingly, and us for having called them into existence. I invite you to cast an eye on page 463 of the July BOOKMAN—"Fiction in Demand at the Public Libraries". We women, ten thousand of us to one man, are presumably the guilty wretches who do the demanding; let us see on what cloying sweets we clamor to be fed. Ten books are listed, "Main Street" leading. Parlous little sweetness and light there. Ethel Dell's "The Top of the World" would undoubtedly fall under your strictures; that and Locke's "The Mountebank" are British products, however. So is Rose Macaulay's "Potterism", which one would scarcely think designed for a public aching for more Pollyannas. Zane Grey's "The Mysterious Rider" I have not read, but surrender. Dorothy Canfield's "The Brimming Cup" we might find debatable ground. But the remaining four are not open to criticism on the grounds of swaggering virility or insipid cheerfulness. I present "Miss Lulu Bett", "The Age of Innocence", "The Sisters-in-Law", and "Moon-Calf". Three of these are by American women. Out of these ten "best sellers", six are unquestionably remote from your strictures. If this is the worst monster that we female Frankensteins are capable of creating, I contemplate the result with a resignation that borders on satisfaction.

You hold that editorial policy and literary output is controlled and corrupted by the fact that our writers write for women—that that fact necessitates bad writing, false values, unsound and meretricious conclusions. Well, I have good cause to doubt it. I know of one magazine—a "woman's magazine"—with a really enormous circulation throughout the middle classes of America. If these women can be nourished on the kind of literature that they find between its covers, then I contend that intellectually they constitute no ailing or diseased body. They are fed sound stuff—and they have not turned from it. It has given them in the last year two novels, one by Booth Tarkington and one by Mrs. Wharton, which, though they are "best sellers", have not compromised with the irony and pathos of life in their conclusions. One deals with the aristocracy of a past day, the other with the democracy of the present; they show us a world seen from vastly different angles, but they both show it to us sufficiently unsparingly, for all their untimely reticence on the subject

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of Freud. They do not assure us that we will live happily ever after; but they assure us that one may preserve decent manners over a mess of very bitter pottage, and that unwilling compromise may be high tragedy, and unwilling courage, high romance.

This magazine has no policy. Its stories may be long or short, gay or tragic, simple or sophisticated. I am not speaking from hearsay; it has accepted three of my own that are widely different in conception and execution. They have only one feature in common—a so-called unhappy ending. In its pages you will find tales by Maxwell Struthers Burt, Hugh Walpole, Wilbur Daniel Steele, May Sinclair, and innumerable others who are most assuredly not writing down to any public. The back of it is filled with fashion drawings, but I think that any writing that you could do would not seem out of place in its first pages. Yet this is undeniably a "woman's magazine".

Here are a great many words, and the pen is slipping from what you so aptly characterize as my "nimble, white, and predacious" fingers. I was galvanized into action by the sheer arrogance of your title—it was intended to galvanize, wasn't it? I am not holding any brief for the feminine intellect, though I had thought that that was safely clear of debatable ground; but I hold, unrepentant, a brief of many pages when you so flatly condemn feminine taste in novels. Through no virtue of our own, we women have had the leisure to batten on novels from our childhood; they have been our daily bread, and we are amply able to sift out the chaff from the wheat that goes to form our nourishment. A large portion of the feminine novel-reading public leans to western stories, to detective stories, to love stories, pure and simple—possibly you find them too pure and too simple. But the *entire* masculine novel-reading public, with the exception of the writing class, leans there too, and leans there heavily. The salvation of you and your fellows, who strive to make books compact of beauty and truth and strangeness, lies in the hands of a large and discriminating group of women who both buy and read novels. Once having read your article, it is vastly to our credit that we do not open those "nimble" fingers, and let you slip through forever. But being women, we won't. We'll laugh a little, not very happily, and slip out and buy your next book and read it and love it, lingering over the pages—though sometimes we'll forget to turn a page, remembering those other pages in which you wrote us down as cheap and dangerous nuisances. But we'll read you to the last word, never fear; and perhaps, when we are through, if we're simply fantastically lucky, we may be able to pass you on to a man—and perhaps—oh, perhaps, perhaps—we may be able to persuade him to read you.

Very sincerely,

FRANCES NOYES HART

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LITERARY PORTRAITS: SIX

OLIVER HERFORD

OLIVER HERFORD'S principal recreation is avoiding public banquets and dull people generally, and associating, quite impersonally, with himself. To this diversion—an occupation that appears to be a continuous performance in tranquil hilarity—he has devoted a lifetime, sharing it in common with a select body of more or less intelligent beings, who derive comfort from the contact. The last administration is now remembered only on account of one of Mr. Herford's stories, which a Mr. Wilson became habituated to repeating in public. A proper form of prayer, for the use of Bishops and other clergy, and all persons devoutly and spiritually inclined, would be: "O Lord, while we deprecate the hideous immoralities of Prohibition, we still thank thee that Oliver Herford has not gone dry."

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AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER IV

THE SPIRIT OF '75: LETTERS OF A MINUTE MAN

In the Manner of Ring Lardner

FRIEND Ethen—

Well Ethen you will be surprised O. K. to hear I & the wife took a little trip down to Boston last wk. to a T. party & I guess you are thinking we will be getting the swelt hed over being ast to a T. party. In Boston.

Well Ethen if you think that why you will be a 100 mi. offen the track because Ethen I and Prudence aint the kind that gets a swelt hed over being ast any wares like some of are naybers up here when they are ast any wares so you see Ethen even if we had been ast any wares we wouldnt of had no swelt hed. On acct of being ast any wares.

Well last Thurs. I and Prudence drove old Bessy down to Boston Bessy is are horse see Ethen which is about 13 mi. from here Boston I mean Ethen as the crow flys only no crow would ever fly to Boston if he could help it because all the crows what ever flew to Boston was shot by them lousie taverin keepers to make meals out of Ethen I never tast it nothing so rotten in my life as the meals they give us there & the priceis would knock your I out. 3 shillings for a peace of stake about as big as your I, and 4 pence for a cup of coffy. The streets aint the only thing about Boston thats crook it. Them taverin keepers is crook it to I mean see Ethen.

After supper I & her was walking a round giving the town the double O when we seen that Fanny Ewell Hall was all lit up like Charley Davis on Sat. night & I says to Prudence lets go inside I think its free and she says I bet you knowed it was free al right before you ast me & sure enough it was free only I hadnt knowed it before only I guess that Prudence knows that when I say a thing it is generally O. K. Well Fanny Ewell Hall was pack jam full of people & we couldnt see nothing because there was a cockide stiff standing right in front of us & jumping up & down & yelling No T. No T. at the top of his lunges & Prudence says well why dont you take coffy or milk & for Gods sake stay offen my foot & he turns to her & says maddam do you want T. & slavery & she says no coffy & a hot dog just kidding him see Ethen & he says maddam no T. shall ever land & she says no but my husbend will in a bout

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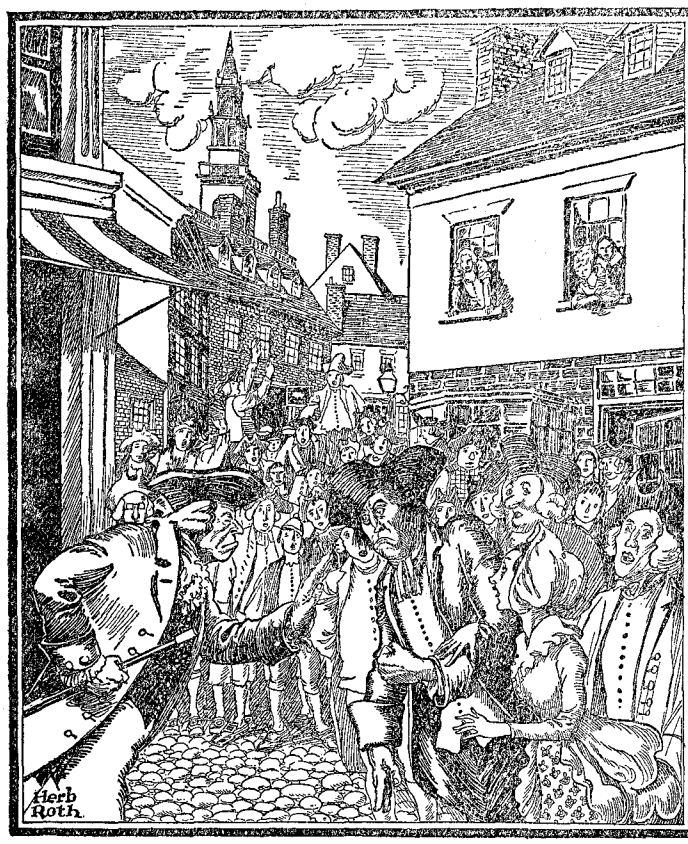
1 min. & I was just going to plank him 1 when the door behint us bust open & a lot of indyans come in yelling every body down to Grifins worf there is going to be a T. party only Ethen they wasnt indyans at all but jest wite men drest up to look like indyans & I says to a fello those aint indyans & he says no how did you guess it & I says because I have seen real indyans many a time & he says to a nother fello say Bill here is a man who says them aint real indyans & the other fello says gosh I dont believe it & they laffed only the laff was on them Ethen because they wasnt real indyans & that is only tipical of how you cant tell these Boston swelt heds nothing & I guess if they had ever seen a real indyan they would of known better than to laff. Well I and Prudence follered the crowd down to Grifins worf & them indyans which was only wite men drest up clumb onto a ship there & begun throwing the cargo into Boston harber & I says to a fello what is in them boxes & he says T. & I says well why are they throwing it away & he says because they do not want to pay the tacks which is about as sensable Ethen if I was to rite a lot of letters & then as fast as I rote 1 I would tare it up because I did not want to pay for a stamp. Well I says somebody



"Fanny Ewell Hall was pack jam full"

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ought to catch h-ll for this & he says are you a torie & I seen he was trying to kid me & I says no I am a congregationalis & a loyal subject of king Geo. Rex & he says o I thought you was a torie & a lot of fellos who was with him give him the laff because he hadnt been abel to kid me. Well after a whiles he says the indyans seem to be about threw & I says yes only they aint indyans & the laff was on him again & he seen it wasnt no use to try & kid me & Prudence says come on lets beat it & on the way home I says I bet them Boston birds will feel small when they find out that those wasnt indyans at all & she act it like she was mad about something & says well they cant blame you for not trying to tell them & its a wonder you didnt hire Fanny Ewell Hall while you was about it & I says o is it & I might know youd get sore because I was the 1st to find out about the indyans being wite men in disgised. & she says yes I suppose if somebody was to paint stripes on a cow you would make a speach about it & say that you had discovered that it wasnt no tiger & I wish I had been 1 of them indyans tonight because I would of loved to of beened you with a Tommy Hawk & I says o you would would you & she seen it wasnt no use to argue with me & anyway Ethen nobody would be fool enough to paint stripes on a cow unless maybe they was born in Boston. Well Ethen thats the way it goes & when you do put one over on the wife they want to hit you with a Tommy Hawk with best rgds.

Ed.

Friend Ethen—

No matter what a married man does in this world he gets in wrong & I suppose if I was to die tonight Prudence would bawl me out for not having let her know I was going to do it & just because I joined the minit men the other eve. she has been acting like as if I had joined the Baptis Church & I bet you are saying what in the h—ll is a minit man. Well Ethen I will tell you. The other night I says to Prudence I think I will drive over to Lexington to get Bessy shodd. Bessy is are horse see Ethen. Well she says you will do nothing of the kind because all you want to do in Lexington is get a snoot ful & if you think I am going to wate up all night while you get boiled well you have got another guess coming. She says the last time you had Bessy shodd the naybers are talking about it yet & I says do you mean because I & Charley Davis was singing & having a little fun & she says no because nobody wouldnt call that singing & do you call it a little fun when you brought Bessy up stares with you to show me how well she had been shodd at 3 A. M. in the morning answer me that which is only her way of exagerating things Ethen because we didnt bring Bessy only as far as the stares & I only did it because Charley had been drinking a little to much & I didnt want to iritate him because the way to handel drunks is to not iritate them they are only worse only you cant tell a woman that & they think the way to handel drunks is to look him in the eye & say arent you ashamed of yourselves which only iritates him the moar. Well I says I am not going to half no horse of mine going a round ½ shodd al the time & Prudence says well I am not going to half no husband of mine going a round ½ shot al the time & I says I will not go near Charley Davis this time because I have lernt my lesson & she says al right if you will promise to not go near Charley Davis you can go & when I got to Lexington I thought I would stop in the taverin

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The "Boston T. Party"

a min. just to say hulloh to the boys because if a fello doesnt stop in the taverin to say hulloh to the boys who are just as good as he is they are lible to say he has a swelt hed & is to proud to stop in the taverin to say hulloh to the boys. Who are just as good as he is. Well I didnt have any i dear that Charley Davis would be there because I had told Prudence I wasnt going to go near him & just because I said that I cant be expect it to sneek into toun like as if I was a convick can I Ethen. Well the taverin was crowd it & they had all got a good start & the long & the short of it was that the 1st person I seen was Charley Davis & he says hulloh there pink whiskers you are just in time to join the minit men which is only a nicked name he has for me because my whiskers are red brown. No I says I

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cannot join anything tonight fellos because I must go right back home & he says if you dont join the minit men now some day you wont have no home to go home to & I says what do you mean I wont have no home to go home to & he says because the Brittish are going to burn down all the homes of we farmers because we will not sell them any food but first you had better have a drink. Well Ethen a fello dont like to be a sissey about taking 1 drink does he & then I says now fellos I must go home & then a couple of more fellos come in & they said Ed you wont go home till we have brought you a drink & elect it you to the minit men will you & I said no but I must go home right after that. Well then we got to singing & we was going pretty good & after a while I said now fellos I must go home & Charley Davis says to me Ed before you go I want to have you shake hands with my friend Tom Duffy who is here from Boston & he will tell you all about the minit men & you can join tonight but look out or he will drink you under the tabel because he is the worst fish in Boston & I says sure only I have got to be going home soon because you remember what hapend last time & I would like to see any body from Boston drink me under the tabel & bet. you & I Ethen if that fellow is a fish then my grandmother is the prince of whales & let me tell you what hapend. After we had drank about 4 or 5 I seen he was getting sort of wite & I says well Boston lets settle down now to some good steddy drinking & he says listen & I says what & he says listen & I says what & he says do you know my wife & I says no & he says listen & I says what & he says shes the best little woman in the world & I says sure & he says what did you say & I says when & he says you have insult it my wife the best little woman in the world & he begun to cry & we had only had a bout 1 qt & wouldnt that knock you for a cockide gool Ethen, only I guess you arent surprised knowing how much I can holt without feeling any affects. Well I was feeling pretty good on acct. of drinking the pride of Boston under the tabel & not feeling any affects only I was feeling good like a fello naturely feels & the fellos kind of made a lot of fuss on acct. me drinking him under the tabel so I couldnt very well of gone home then & after a while Charley Davis made a speach & well comed me into the minit men & so I am a minit man Ethen but I cant exackly explain it to you until I see Charley again because he didnt make it very clear that night. Well after a while we woke the Boston fish up & we all went home & I was feeling pretty good on acct. it being such a nice night & all the stars being out & etc. & when I got home I said Prudence guess what hapend & she says I can guess & I says Prudence I have been elect it a minit man & she says well go on up stares & sleep it off & I says sleep what off & she says stop talking so loud do you want the naybers to wake up & I says whos talking loud & she says o go to bed & I says I am talking in conversational tones & she says well you must be conversing with somebody in Boston & I says o you mean that little blond on Beecon St. & Ethen she went a 1,000,000 mi. up in the air & I seen it wasnt no use to try & tell her that the reason I was feeling good was on acct. having drank a Boston swelt hed to sleep with out feeling any affects & I bet the next time I get a chanct I am going to get snooted right because a fello gets blamed just as much if he doesnt feel the affects as if he was brought home in a stuper & I was just kidding her

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about that blond on Beecon St. Some women dont know when they are well off Ethen & I bet that guy from Bostons Tom Duffy I mean wife wishes she was in Prudences shoes instead of her having married a man what cant holt no more than a qt. without being brought home in a stuper. Best rgds.

Ed.

"I joined the minit men"

Friend Ethen—

Well Ethen this is a funny world & when I joined the minit men last mo. how was I to know that they called them minit men because they was lible to get shot any minit. & here I am riteing to you in a tent outside Boston & any minit a canon ball is lible to knock me for a continental loop & my house has been burnt & Prudence is up in Conk Cord with her sister the one who married that short skate dum bell Collins who has owed me 2 lbs. for a yr. & ½ well Ethen it never ranes but it pores & you can be glad you are liveing in a nice quiet place like Philly.

Well the other night I and Prudence was sound asleep when I heard some body banging at the frt. door & I stuck my head out the up stares window & I says who are you & he says I am Paul Revear & I says well this is a h—ll of a time to be wakeing a peaceiful man out of their bed what do you want & he says the Brittish are comeing & I says o are they well this is the 19 of April not the 1st & I was going down stares to plank him 1 but he had rode away tow wards Lexington before I had a chanct & as it turned out after words the joke was on me O. K. Well who is it says Prudence Charley Davis again because you might as well

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"He says I am Paul Revear"

come back to bed if it is & I says no it was some Boston smart alick trying to be funny & I guess they are soar down there on acct. what hapend to thier prize fish up here last mo. & are trying to get even do you know a Paul Revear & she says yes there was a boy at school named Paul Revear who was crazy about me was he dark well Ethen if all the fellos she says has been crazy about her was layed end to end they would circum navygate the globe twicet & I says no he was yello & that had her stopt so we went back to sleep only I couldnt help laffing over the way I had slipt it across. About Revear being yello. Well along a bout A. M. there was a lot of gun firing tow wards Lexington & Prudence grabed me & says whats the shooting for & I says probably that fello Revear who was so crazy a bout you has got funny oncet to oft ten & it will teach them Boston doodes a lesson. Well Ethen I was wrong for oncet & the firing kept getting worse & I hitcht up old Bessy & drove over to Lexington Bessy is are horse & Ethen there was the h—ll to pay there because the g—d d—m Brittish redcotes had marcht up from Boston & had fired on the Lexington fellos & Charley Davis had been shot dead & a lot of the other fellos was wooned it & they said you had better get your wife to the h—ll out of your house because the g—d d—m Brittish redcotes are coming back & they will burn everything along the rode the ——— I guess you know what word goes

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there Ethen & I was so d—m mad at those g—d d—m Brittish redcotes on acct. shooting Charley Davis dead that I said give me a gun & show me the ——— who done it & they says no you had better get your wife to a safe place to go to & then you can come back because the ——— will be along this way again the ———. Well I drove as fast as I could back to the farm & somebody had already told Prudence what had hapend & as soon as I drove into the yd. she come out with my muskit & hand it it to me & says dont you worry about me but you kill every d—m redcote you can see & I says the ———s has killed Charley Davis & she says I know it & here is all the bullits I could find. Well when I got back to Lexington the redcotes was just coming along & Ethen I guess they wont forget that march back to Boston for a little whiles & I guess I wont either because the ———s burnt down my house & barn & Prudence is gone to stay with her sister in Conk Cord & here I am camping in a tent with a lot of other minit men on the out skirts of Boston & there is a roomer a round camp that to morrow we are going to move over to Bunker Hill which is a good name for a Boston Hill Ill say & Ethen if you was to of told me a mo. ago that I would be fighting to get Boston away from the Brittish I would of planked you 1 because they could of had Boston for all I cared. Well Ethen I must go out & drill some more now & probably we will half to listen to some Boston bird makeing a speach they are great fellos for speaches about down with Brittish tirrany & give me libberty or give me death but if you was to ast me Ethen I would say give me back that house & barn what those lousie redcotes burnt & when this excitement is all over what I want to know is where do I get off at.

Ed.

A PRINT BY HOKUSAI

By Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

OF what avail
The tiny winds that call
To the indifferent sea? To ships a-sail
The twilight's silver pall
Whispers of night
Without one ripple stirred.
But on the shoals three fishermen in white
Are watching...They have heard....
How still the ships!—
So soon to feel the breath
Of winds that rush to meet the sea's cold lips
And fill the night with death!

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MURRAY HILL'S GALLERY OF PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK, *August*, 1921.

MY mother did not raise me to be a publisher. I was thinking the other day how the devil it came about that what George Moore (or is it Stevenson?) calls "the romance of destiny" cast me into the publishing business, where I have knocked about these many years. And, musing on, I surveyed in retrospect the several famous publishers I have had the opportunity of knowing. It had not, somehow, occurred to me before what an exceedingly piquant contrast they are one to another, these gentlemen, leading figures in the business in this country, personages who shape the character of the nation's reading. I found that I entertained myself very well with reviewing in my mind divers matters related to my connection with, in succession, four great American publishing houses.

When the world was young Brentano's was on Union Square, at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. Scribner's was just below Twenty-second Street on Fifth Avenue. Dodd, Mead just below Scribner's. Putnam's and Dutton's next door to each other half a block west of the Avenue on the uptown side of Twenty-third Street—a rich pageant of fashionable shopping then. The Flatiron building was among the wonders of the world. It was the thing to dine at Martin's, on Broadway at Twenty-sixth Street. And a youth could raise a thirst.

That was the piping time when I struck the "town". I wore a heavy black tape to my glasses and the best suit of clothes I had been able to get in Indiana. I had a good deal of extra heavy underwear in my trunk, as my family expected it would be pretty cold in the winter along the Atlantic seaboard. I had never seen anything of the kind that approached in lavish magnificence the "free lunch" of the metropolis. Nor had I ever conceived of such a paradise of periodicals as the magazine department of Brentano's.

I was an "art student". The kernel of life was the classes at "the League" (the Art Students' League of New York), in the Fine Arts Building on west Fifty-seventh Street. The most illustrious man in the world was, of course, James McNeil Whistler. The most glamourous figure in America was certainly John H. Twachtman. The most enviable young man in the country perhaps was Walter Appleton Clark. The uppermost tip of "the Great White Way" was the Pabst building, on the site of the Times building of today. One never went out from one's boarding house after six o'clock in the evening in those days without being "dressed". It simply wasn't done, one understood, in *New York*. The quintessence of feminine charm, also an art student, (from Ohio), lived in the winters on Thirty-third Street a few steps from the Waldorf. James J. Corbett had a "place" on Herald Square. When the world was young.

The art student business was a very pleasant and not at all an onerous occupation. And a very superior and very jolly place indeed to be of an afternoon was the Hotel Grenoble, on Seventh Avenue across from Carnegie

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Hall. You always mentioned, in referring to it to the uninitiated, that that was the place where Kipling stopped. The part of the hotel of course where one so frequently was of an afternoon was the room called the café. It was there that the "3 Club" held its meetings, on the days (Tuesday and Friday of each week) that Mr. Twachtman came up from his quarters in town at The Players to give a criticism to his class at the League.

The place of Twachtman in American painting is now quite secure. He is, in the literary term, a classic. His works, none disputes, do honor to our best museums. In the auction rooms his canvases, when they appear, now claim a golden price. Not uncommon is it today to hear him spoken of in quarters of authority as the finest landscape painter we have had. Indeed, in all reference to him in critical writing, increasing deference is paid to his name. His career has become a legend. And, with poetic truth it may be said, snow is more beautiful now upon the bosom of the earth than before he lived and painted it. And more beautiful to many must be the sight of fair New England hills, white houses in a cluster, small boats upon the water, and frozen pools.

A little man of about fifty, sharply pointed Van Dyke beard, greying hair worn in a bang, always a white cravat, a bit brusk in movement, somewhat (gleefully I suspect) Mephistophelian in general effect. A paragraph purporting to be an advertisement printed in the "cart-a-log" of the 1899 exhibition of the Society of American Fakirs "'takes off" very well the humorous savagery of the most animating instructor ever (it may fairly be held) at the League. This reads:

FOR SALE. The entire outfit of a very young art student. Includes 1 portfolio (nearly new), several sheets of clean Michelet paper, clothes pins, kneaded rubber, plumb bob, 12 in. ruler, piece of clean chamois and a box of charcoal (only one stick used). Can have entire lot very cheap. Good reasons for selling (see J. H. Twachtman). Inquire at office of League or Plumber Shop on Ninth Ave. near 312 St., between 12 and 12, on any day but Saturday.
Adv. 12 t.

"First student stand up," was the way Mr. Twachtman was wont to begin his criticism. "Very bad!" most likely was his opinion of that palpitating student's drawing. "Second student stand up," he would say. "Worse," probably his comment. "Third student. Still worse! No improvement whatever! Everybody go back to a block hand." ("Block hand", a plaster cast of a human hand with all detail eliminated; the simplest subject for beginners to draw.) Then Mr. Twachtman would quickly pass into the tobacco smoke of the next alcove. Sometimes young ladies of delicate sensibility would be left in tears. There was, in truth I remember, one very pretty young person who was kept at a block hand for so long a time, and who wept so much, that at length in despair she married an automobile manufacturer and divorced art forever.

He was known (behind his back) as "Johnnie" to the 3 Club. We called ourselves that, we three bosom cronies, one J. Flagler MacRae (whither has the wind blown him away?), Walter Jack Duncan, and I. We decorated (by hand) our stationery with a letter-head design, a sort of coat of arms, a red stein beside the figure three—such rollicking lads were we. Somehow the group of us had found singular favor with the master. In due form and by unanimous vote we elected him honorary member of the Club.

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From quarters of distinction has come abundant testimony of the quaint, human qualities of this American master. But in the memoir of John Twachtman that ought to be written a page should be the story of the obscure and humble Club which he honored and charmed, rapturously inspired, and in dark hours sustained in spirit, and which has found no way to place in reverence and affection a little wreath to his memory. Had this little conceit, the idea of such a page, been introduced at one of the meetings of the Club, our honorary member, I think, would have pointed upward his Mephistophelian beard and over it have twinkled down with glee at the Club. And than this little jest in his life, his honorary membership in the 3 Club, perhaps nothing better could be adduced to illustrate the simple, boyish character of his nature. In order for a member to buy a drink at a meeting of the Club, when the honorary member was present, it was necessary that a motion to that effect be formally proposed, seconded, and unanimously carried. He would not countenance any offhand procedure in the matter. Such a motion, however, invariably was unanimously carried.

Some people do not remember this. Where the big Brunswick building now is, with Brentano's in one corner of it, extending the length of the block on the east side of Fifth Avenue between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, was in the days of which I write a row of brick structures of three stories or so, containing on the ground floor tiny shops. One of these was a bookshop, in which frequently exhibitions of drawings were held. I found in one of my scrapbooks the other day a card issued by this little place, which read:

You are invited to an exhibition of poster drawings by Walter Jack Duncan and Murray Hill, pupils of the late John H. Twachtman.

The Book Shop of
Doubleday, Page & Co.
219 Fifth Ave.
New York.

Till April 30, 1903.

Where are the literary journals of yesteryear? Out of the number of monthly periodicals that used to be, devoted wholly to the field of books, only THE BOOKMAN has survived. There, among others, was the Putnam magazine "The Critic", edited for long by Jeanette Gilder. And "The Reader", published by Bobbs-Merrill. Scribner's had "The Book Buyer", which later became "The Lamp". It was by way of "The Lamp" that an "artist" became a bookseller.

Joseph H. Chapin was then, as now, art editor of "Scribner's Magazine". He had done a number of very discerning things in the service of American periodical illustration. He it was who first "discovered" Walter Appleton Clark, one of the most gifted and technically accomplished of American illustrators. Walter Jack Duncan and Murray Hill were thinking it was about time that so perspicacious an art editor discovered them—J. Flagler MacRae was a painter, and thus above magazines. And so one day I dropped in on Mr. Chapin with a portfolio of our wares. The upshot of the interview was that a set of our drawings was selected for reproduction in "The Lamp". That evening two young men went forth arm in arm to patronizingly look over the great city they had conquered.

The blow was terrible. We nearly sank down upon the floor of the Scribner store. We had counted all the minutes of all the days up to the date of publication of that issue of the magazine, the epochal number of "The Lamp". We had made a triumphal

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march to Scribner's to buy a number of copies, copies for ourselves and copies to send "home". Trembling with exultation we opened the pages. ...Under Duncan's drawings it was stated that I had drawn them; under mine that they had been drawn by him. Someone in Mr. Chapin's department, in making up the magazine, had made an awful slip. Life was poisoned.

Well, time went by. I saw Mr. Chapin occasionally, and he seemed like a man who suffered deeply from a consciousness that he had done me a criminal wrong. But I had far other worries now. I no longer "dressed" for the evening. Indeed, those evening clothes were in the keeping of a gentleman who conducted an establishment on lower Eighth Avenue and who described himself on his signboard as "Uncle Ben". I refreshed myself not at Martin's nor the Grenoble but from a domestic tin bucket. A philanthropist invited me for a week-end in the country; upon my return to my lodgings I found my things in the hall.

And so one day I dropped in on Mr. Chapin again. The upshot of this interview was that I obtained a position as retail salesman in the Scribner store. I had, you see, been bred to no business; I certainly could not say that I had cultivated "business habits"; but I knew a good deal about books—I thought. I knew Lamb, and Hazlitt, and Sterne, and Thackeray and—that sort of thing. The first book I dealt with in the way of business was a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Children". It was to be a stop-gap job I had thought, a thing of perhaps a few months; I remained a book clerk for about six years. And I unlearned a great deal about books.

The life of a book clerk is not what it was in my day. Pretty soft now, it seems to me. Stores, the fashionable stores, at any rate, close on Saturdays throughout the summer, not merely half a day but all day. Five o'clock closing all the year round. And where is the "Christmas rush", so celebrated in my time? It used to begin toward the end of November, and steadily increase in volume and violence until the evening of December twenty-fourth. During the last week another customer could hardly have been fitted into the store with a shoehorn, until one inside had got out. "Can't you wait on me next, please?"—for weeks afterward the sound of this would ring in my ears like a species of delirium tremens. You were "open" until nine at night; you got a dollar "supper money"; and then you stayed until eleven or so laboring at a reconstruction of the stock laid in devastation. I was reminded at a recent convention of booksellers of a highly entertaining incident (as the *raconteur* says) of the last night of my last "Christmas rush". When it was over I invited an exhausted fellow worker around the corner to have some refreshment. He was an estimable young man whose life happily had not much acquainted him with the etiquette of the bar room, but he had evidently picked up some knowledge of this from hearsay and reading. Doubtless amid the din of the place he did not hear me distinctly. I raised my glass. "To hell", I said, "with Christmas!" He bowed gravely and in a very polite voice replied: "The same to you." All in all, however, it was a pleasant life enough. I am glad I was a bookseller then. The old booksellers are like the old actors: they learned their trade in a hard school.

I had a very interesting view from the side lines of the literary world.

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Mr. Burlingame, who had been editor of the magazine since its beginning, was editor of "Scribner's" then. Portly, ruddy, a rich blue-black beard, gracious, immaculate in attire—I do not think I have ever seen a more highly polished figure of a gentleman. I viewed him with deep admiration as a spectacle of consummate "finish". One day, having come down from his office above for only a moment, he was crossing the store on his way back to the elevator. He moved magnificently. His wearing no hat doubtless it was, which gave rise to the idea in the mind of the shabby figure that reeled in just then that he "belonged" in the retail department. The scarecrow that had entered certainly didn't belong there. He swayed about on his feet for an instant and then staggered across the floor and confronted Mr. Burlingame. "You," he quavered; "you th' floorwalker here?"

The first literary adviser to a publishing house I ever beheld was W. C. Brownell. I regarded him as omniscient. The calm, unconscious nobility of his presence, the classic sculpture of his head and greying beard, the philosophic detachment of his bearing, suggested to my mind a somewhat confused blend of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius. His volumes "Victorian Prose Masters" and "American Prose Masters" I read as the stone tablets of the law. And I have not ceased to read them now as the very wise commentary of a full, disciplined, and beautiful mind on human life. Innumerable times a day he would stroll in and out. He would move up and down the sidewalk to smoke—smoking being outlawed in the building. Or stand for long periods of time gazing in at the window display. But I do not believe that at the end of the day he could have told you a thing that was in the window. I felt the distance between us to be so vast that it would be something almost blasphemous for me to attempt to speak to him. Until one sultry afternoon when he was sitting on the elevator man's stool waiting for the car to descend. A small messenger boy came along en route for upstairs with a telegram. "Hot day," remarked Mr. Brownell to him very pleasantly. So a bit later I ventured to ask him if he had read a new book which had interested me greatly. "No, is it good?" he asked with as much simplicity as a stenographer. And the friendly relationship which developed between us has been to me something like always having the spiritual support of access to a set, let's say, of Montaigne.

Coming down the flight of marble steps at the rear of the store leading from the august sanctums above I see (in memory) a group of figures. Charles Scribner, Arthur Scribner, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Burlingame, and Robert Bridges, then associate editor, now editor of the magazine. On their way out to luncheon. At the Century Club, usually. As a rule, back methodically at the end of an hour exactly. A noble avenue between neat book-laden tables stretches to the front door of the store. Down this wide aisle they come very slowly, rather solemnly. Suggests somewhat to the impish fancy, this spectacle, some sort of ceremonial procession. Uniform expression on their countenances of contemplative detachment from their surroundings. Very quietly, very neatly dressed, all. Charles Scribner, head of the house, a man (then) of about—well, in the neighborhood of fifty, I should say. Of medium size, grey mustache cropped short, fine aquiline nose drooping slightly over it. The face of a finely bred New

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Yorker and man of the world. Manner decidedly reserved. General effect that of a cultivated, traveled, conservative, substantial, effective (perhaps shrewd) man of affairs who might have something to do in a directing way with banks or railroads. The five gentlemen before me are all men of middle age or a bit more. If I were held to three words in an attempt at rendering a succinct impression of the group, I should say that the effect in general was that of very high respectability.

Mr. Scribner pauses at the end of one of the tables and asks a nearby clerk, who immediately springs to immensely respectful attention, for a copy of a recent book which he names. The clerk returns, with somewhat the manner of a culprit about to be sentenced, and reports that that book is at present out of stock. Again, and still a third time, Mr. Scribner asks for a book—a book which by some chance happens at the moment not to be in hand. (Though don't I know how large that stock is!) George Whitworth, the buyer, appears looking very distraught. Mr. Scribner says nothing for a moment. Is an Olympian whirlwind about to burst with destruction upon the staff? Then, with a flicker of amiable cynicism playing across his features, Mr. Scribner remarks: "This is a deuce of a book store."

Then, on a day, I went out from that book store and did a little of this and a little of that. Librarian, professional philanthropist (with the Russell Sage Foundation), trade journalist, book reviewer, literary editor, traveler in foreign parts by turns I was. And at length found myself asking Harry E. Maule how was the book publishing business out at the Country Life Press at Garden City. It happened that at the moment they were rather in need of somebody to do a little publicity and other editorial chores.

At the desk in front of mine was a very large, very round, barrel-like young man, of ruddy hue and with the instantly friendly manner of a Newfoundland dog. His jovial bulk was further emphasized by pronounced bagginess of his English-cut clothes. He sometimes arose while dictating to his stenographer and stood with one foot planted upon the seat of his chair. In this position it was observable that his trousers had been repaired. I felt it a very amiable service when this burly and rather humorous-looking young character took me in charge at half-past twelve and guided me to the lunch room for employees, over a garage a short distance away on the Doubleday grounds. He said his name was Morley. He had been a Rhodes scholar. This was his first job. He was very much excited over a novel that in the form of English sheets had just been submitted to the house for American publication. Its title was "Casuals of the Sea", and the author one William McFee. He, this Morley, smoked a pipe continually. He had the wholesome and stimulating quality of a clean strong breeze. We quickly got into the way of walking over together after the day to the neighboring town of Hempstead, where we both lived. And of stopping in for an evening glass at the place of George D. Smith, whose front room was lined with noble barrels and casks, on the main street of the village; quarters given over now, alas! to dealing in agriculture implements. It was a romantic, and somehow altogether fitting thing that George D. Smith was the name also of the champion dealer in rare books. I became a member of another very ex-

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clusive club, a very exclusive club indeed, the Porrier's Corner Club. We two were the only members. Porrier's Corner was a public house opposite one corner of the Doubleday property. Chris sold a poem now and then to a magazine. He also had a slender manuscript story about a book caravan, written sometime before. He submitted it to his employers. The house felt, I understood, that it need not lose very much on a small edition of the book, and published it. The bagatelle was called "Parnassus on Wheels".

Who is that tall, loosely swinging figure, wearing a large black slouch hat, I see coming in in the morning? There are some rings, or something like that, swinging by cords from the ceiling (for what purpose I do not know). As he comes along this mustached gentleman boyishly punches at them with the tip of his rolled umbrella. It is Russell Doubleday, head of the editorial department. In the course of the day I see two gentlemen apparently skipping and romping across the floor. One is "F. N. D.", otherwise Frank N. Doubleday, founder and head of the firm. Large, hearty, jovial, very broad shoulders, darkish drooping mustache, complexion much sun-tanned. Somewhere around fifty, but in outstanding effect suggesting an overgrown, bouncing boy. Having more fun than anybody. Laughing much, and as a man laughs who is accustomed to laugh in the open air. Has his arm around the other figure—Ernest Thompson Seton. Radiating an air of jestful enjoyment, of oldtime countryside sociability kind of thing. And a spirit such as this, of democratic youthfulness, seems to pervade the atmosphere of Doubleday, Page and Company.

A thunder storm, I remember, was coming up that afternoon. Morley and I had parted at the door of Browne's Chop House. He had fared from Garden City to become an editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal". I had fared to Indiana and back and was for the present on my own. He had told me I ought to go around to see Mr. Doran. I stepped into a hallway to avoid the torrent of rain. Should I go round there and see about that job? I wasn't particularly impelled to. But I had said I would; and if I didn't, then Chris would be nagging me as to why I hadn't. Mr. Doran was in but seemed to be exceedingly busy. After three years' association with him I should now be astounded to hear anybody say that Mr. Doran was in but did not seem to be exceedingly busy. Finally the door of the corner office was flung open and a very striking gentleman swept toward me. I was somewhat startled to be received with so much dash. He looked at me with such a beaming brightness of eye that he appeared to be all lighted up inside like a cathedral, and invited me in. Tall, straight as a rod, athletic in effect, every line of his face and figure speaking a most pronounced electric vigor, dapper, Norfolk suit sharply pressed, spats, neatly barbered shock of greyish (rather than grey) hair, grey mustache cropped almost flat with his lip, a bit of an imperial. A sport hat hung on his hat rack and several sticks stood beneath. He was smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. I stated my business. He sat for a time looking straight at me without speaking. For such a length of time indeed that I began to feel that there was little danger of my obtaining a job here, and I shouldn't have to go to work right away after all. Then very suddenly he said: "When can you begin? Let's begin! Let's begin!" I turned up in the morning rather ahead of office hours. But two persons I ob-

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served were before me; one a colored gentleman who was doing a little dusting, the other, Mr. Doran. I stayed somewhat late that evening attempting to get hold of things. As I passed out through the deserted and darkened floor I saw through the frosted glass in his door a light going full tilt in the office of Mr. Doran. Well, he remarked one day when I had spoken apologetically of my being a little late that morning, of course he did not expect me to keep the hours that he did. For a time he did not look to be as well as ordinarily. No, he observed, for several days he had not been "taking the hurdles of life" as well as usual. Certainly a man, to use an expression of his own, to "train with"!

I had been going every once in a while with Joyce Kilmer up to dinner at the Authors' Club. I enjoyed particularly there the ceremony of Watch Night, held on New Year's Eve. And the meeting which opened with a program of reminiscent talks. And the charming spirit of boyish larkishness which prevailed among the oldtime members of the Club. Among the notable figures of literary history which gathered at these meetings none took my fancy so much as the veteran publisher Henry Holt. Always among the first to arrive. Always beautiful in evening dress. Always smoking an excellent cigar. Always the centre of sociability. And, as the morning crept on, the throng thinned to a half-dozen or so incorrigible Authors'-Clubians, and the number of lights began to be reduced, among the last to go home. Delightful indeed were the pleasantries of his speeches. I remember his pausing in one of his talks to ask the gentleman who had preceded him if he remembered when he was sixty years old. "No," Mr. Holt remarked, "I don't suppose you can remember that far back."

I had played again the rolling stone. A friend of mine invited me to the Harvard Club for lunch, where I met a very tall and aristocratic-looking young man who appeared to know all there was to know about smart boats, horse racing, boxing contests, and duck shooting, and who seemed to be very active as best man at weddings: Elliot Holt, referred to by his father in the "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" as his "sporting son". And it fell out that shortly after this I joined the staff of Henry Holt and Company.

Here in the heart of New York's theatrical district, at the centre of the smartest-dressed swirl of life in town, a gentleman of eighty-two, the most scholarly of our publishers, mounts every day or so to his offices on Forty-fourth Street. Tall and erect, a figure of charming dignity, his highly distinguished countenance bearing the impress of long, long years of intellectual thought and association with the very best of society, his silver hair parted in the back in the fashion of a vanished day, crowned by a large, quaint derby hat with a flat top, comes Mr. Holt. Editor for the last seven years of the "Unpopular", later "The Unpartizan Review", and (in all that that mellow term used at its best, implies) a man of letters. The founder of this venerable, sterling house. Now only lightly active in the business of his firm, which is vigorously carried on into the spirit of a new time by younger men. Roland Holt, the elder son, goes forth happily to greet him, saying: "There is my dear old gentleman." It is thus every day that he comes. And he pauses at the door of his office to receive an affectionate salute on the cheek from his younger son, Elliot. MURRAY HILL

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

THERE is always an atmosphere of reverence as the faithful gather at a "Follies" show. There is the affable spirit of kinship which one finds at big football games and other pleasant annual rites where everyone's anticipation is sharpened by the reflection that there are hundreds of dismal souls outside who would like to be present. When the curtain goes up there is, on the stage, an air of serenity and dignity as befits a National Institution. There is no noisy striving to whip up enthusiasm, no reaching out over the footlights. A "Follies" show is like a Follies girl, a bit disdainfully conscious of her charm, accepting your admiration as a matter of course. We have the feeling, as the numbers follow one after the other, that what we see has been selected and arranged to express one man's idea of what is beautiful and what is funny. Everything has been toned to meet a distinctly personal taste. This, we are sure, is one secret of Mr. Ziegfeld's success. He merely pleases himself. He hopes you may also be pleased, as a connoisseur, taking you about among his treasures, hopes hospitably that you may care for the things he likes.

Mr. Ziegfeld has ridden his hobby for a number of years, and his sense of the beautiful is fully conceived. It is a voluptuous beauty that he fancies—the beauty of bold, rich color and lovely bodies. In his current exhibit he illustrates "The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree" with two pictures. The first, done in pale gold and blue, gives his idea of what Persia should have been like in the twelfth century. The second is a desert scene with vivid sky and a huge splash of scarlet tapestry. Ben Ali Haggin contributes two of his exotic tableaux. There is a picture called "The Bridge on the Seine", in heavy shades of blue. And so on. Some of the pictures are interpreted in song, some are not; but in every case the appeal is to the eye. Mr. Ziegfeld prefers to appeal to the eye also when he wants you to laugh. So this year we encounter Charles O'Donnell, the silent piano tuner, who becomes hopelessly entangled with a stepladder without saying a word. William C. Fields (who does funny things much better than he says them) finds himself in a characteristic predicament. This time he tries to get off to the country, by subway, with his wife (Fanny Brice), his two infants (Raymond Hitchcock and Ray Dooley), his victrola, his guitar, his bird cage, his fishing outfit, and the other things people take with them when they go to the country on the subway.

Other "Follies" have been more tuneful, others have been much funnier, but none has quite achieved the beauty of the present one. And it is beauty—beauty for its own sake—that Mr. Ziegfeld seems to care most about in his chef d'œuvre. When we consider that he makes his sleek, overfed

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public care about it also, he almost assumes the dignity of a Force.

"Shuffle Along" is not quite like any musical show anyone ever saw before. The difference does not entirely arise from the fact that every member of the company is a lady or gentleman of color. It lies deeper than that. It has something to do with the abandon of the lithe dances, the quite artless effervescence of the jazz. At first it seems to be the melody of cotton fields and levees in the moonlight; but, as the show goes on, it seems, in some way, to grow more primitive. Without being at all aware of it, these performers, most of whom are amateurs, create an atmosphere that is curiously indefinable. They try to be professional; but when the jazz is going and they are shuffling along they cannot be anything but themselves, full of a spontaneous sunniness that is alien to Broadway.

LEW FIELDS

This veteran of many musical comedies adds his ingenuous smile to "Snapshots of 1921". Now that the war is officially ended he has resumed his former dialect.

It is true the book of the show is pretty bad, much worse than it has any right to be. It might well have had something of the flavor of a negro yarn by Octavus Roy Cohen or Hugh Wiley, but it hasn't. It does not seriously hamper Miller and Lyles, however, for these two are naturally funny men, and theirs is the mellow humor that comes only from the heart of Darkyland. Miller, the Mayor of Jimtown, asks Lyles, his Chief of Police, how to spell *cat*. After a moment of labored thought the Chief asks, "You mean one o' these yere everyday, walkin' round cats?" They ponder over it and worry it along as two darkies could—as two darkies would. "Seems to me like anyone oughta could spell *cat*," says the Mayor. "Yeah, ef they could spell *anything* they could spell *cat*." The boxing match which they stage later in jazztime is one of the funniest things of its kind since George M. Cohan's jazzed version of the trial scene from "Common Clay". It is launched with another bit of typical negro repartee. "Why I's the boy dat was born wif boxin' gloves on," says Lyles. "An' it looks to me like you was gwine to die dat same way," replies Miller, and the fight is on.

It was a brave attempt on the part of these negroes to take the little things they care about and make an entertainment for white folks. It is remarkable that they succeeded so thoroughly—and in an out-of-the-way concert hall that nobody ever heard of, with scenery that might have been discarded by the last traveling troupe to appear in the place, with costumes that might have been made by the ladies of the chorus bteween rehearsals. If you are at all worried about the negro problem you should see "Shuffle Along", and hear them croon "Bandana Days". It will tell you as much about the negro's soul as any tract ever issued by Tuskegee.

There is a surprisingly well-sustained point of view in "Snapshots of 1921". It is the point of view of the clown who, in the medicine show days,

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WILLIAM C. FIELDS

Whose career in the "Follies" has been one hopeless predicament after another. This year he tries to take his flivver family to the country on the subway, but doesn't get very far.

used to follow the magician saying, "Here, I'll show you how he did that." The laudable purpose of the evening's discussion is to expose a number of the simple shell games practised by light-fingered playwrights, song writers, and others on the too willing public. The same public that pays to see the demonstration will sit enraptured this winter before the same little shell games; but that is not the fault of DeWolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Lulu McConnell, and the others who toil conscientiously through the hot summer nights to show us how we are fooled.

The cycle of murder plays which seared our emotions last season are, for convenience, grouped under the adequate title, "Who Done It?" In a short sketch the process by which the thrills in these plays are concocted is demonstrated. It seems an absurdly easy way to earn one's living. The sketch is excellent burlesque; but we suspect that the real joke of it is that it was lifted bodily out of one or another of the plays we took seriously last winter. A few problems of life outside the theatre, such as the housing shortage, are taken up and treated in the gentle spirit of raillery made familiar by Mack Sennett. The menace of "convulsionist art" is touched upon by DeWolf Hopper; and, while the topic has been overdone, it provides Mr. Hopper with a thought-provoking line. He is reminded, after the convulsionist artist has displayed some of his work, that everyone must live. "Yes," he replies, "but in his case do you think it's necessary?"

The burlesque of "Clair de Lune" is almost as bad as the play itself; and the song number which purported to tell what had become of the chorus men who played opposite the original "Florodora" sextet seemed a waste of time, although there may be people in this big world who are interested in what becomes of chorus men. Perhaps the best that can be said of the music is that it is easy to forget. On the whole, however, "Snapshots of 1921" is amusing, though a bit boisterous about it; and it makes some of

DOROTHY WARD

A personable belle from the 'alls of London who came over last spring, with her blonde beauty and attractive voice, and plunged into "The Whirl of New York".

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Broadway's hallowed traditions seem as inconsequential as they really are.

We may imagine the solons of the Winter Garden, while making their plans for the summer, taking council together and asking themselves if they were not, perhaps, overdoing the extravaganza sort of thing. They may have reminded each other that the public has grown to like some sort of story in its musical comedies. Such "plays with music" as "Maytime", "Buddies", "Apple Blossoms", and others had proved very popular. The Winter Garden, as always, wished to give the greatest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number. It might be well to add a story to the lavish spectacle which would constitute the next Winter Garden show. It might be better to take some story which had already proved appealing to musical comedy audiences. Indeed, why not revive some old favorite, the very name of which would awake sentimental memories? "Florodora", at the Century, had done well. These fine old masterpieces should not be neglected. The Winter Garden had a duty to perform in helping to preserve the splendid traditions of the American stage....We say, some such conversation *may* have taken place in the Shubert offices.

Then, we may fancy, the manuscript of "The Belle of New York" was turned over to several Winter Garden librettists for a bit of refurbishing. Some reliable song writers were commissioned to put a little more snap into the music. A company well grounded in Winter Garden traditions was assembled; and the "entire production was staged under the personal supervision of Mr. J. J. Shubert". As rehearsals went along it was deemed wise to omit a portion of the original here to make room for a song about the blue law crusade. Here the spirit of the old classic might be brought out by the singing of Kipling's "Mandalay". This would provide an opportunity for a magnificent special drop, and the sort of oriental costumes which Winter Garden patrons had been taught to expect. Here a bit more of the text might be sacrificed to enable Al and Harry Klein to introduce some up-to-the-minute gags. And, by all means, the girls must walk up and down the runway a few times with baskets on their arms. That tradition, of course, must be respected at all costs. Finally it was suggested that the title did not have quite the ginger that Broadway of today requires, so it was changed to "The Whirl of New York". Thus it came about that when the old favorite reached the stage at last it was just another Winter Garden show.

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THE LONELY WIFE

Translatea from the Chinese of Li T'ai-po by Florence Ayscough

English Version by Amy Lowell

THE mist is thick. On the wide river, the water-plants float smoothly.
No letters come; none go.
There is only the moon, shining through the clouds of a hard, jade-green sky,
Looking down at us so far divided, so anxiously apart.
All day, going about my affairs, I suffer and grieve, and press the thought of you closely to my heart.
My eyebrows are locked in sorrow, I cannot separate them.
Nightly, nightly, I keep ready half the quilt,
And wait for the return of that divine dream which is my Lord.

Beneath the quilt of the Fire Bird, on the bed of the silver-crested Love Pheasant,
Nightly, nightly I drowse alone.
The red candles in the silver candlesticks melt, and the wax runs from them,
As the tears of your so unworthy one escape and continue constantly to flow.
A flower face endures but a short season,
Yet still he drifts along the river Hsiao and the river Hsiang.
As I toss on my pillow, I hear the cold, nostalgic sound of the water-clock:
Shêng! Shêng! it drips, cutting my heart in two.

I rise at dawn. In the Hall of Pictures
They come and tell me that the snow-flowers are falling.
The reed-blind is rolled high, and I gaze at the beautiful, glittering, primeval snow,
Whitening the distance, confusing the stone steps and the courtyard.
The air is filled with its shining, it blows far out like the smoke of a furnace.
The grass-blades are cold and white, white, like jade girdle pendants.
Surely the Immortals in Heaven must be crazy with wine to cause such disorder,
Seizing the white clouds, crumpling them up, destroying them.

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THE LONDONER

Constance Holme and the "Vie Heureuse" Prize—Viola Meynell's New Novel—Are Englishmen Unromantic?—Romer Wilson—Claud Lovat Fraser's Contribution to Art—A Luncheon to Couperus—Theatre Notes—Sinclair Lewis in England—A New Hall Caine Novel—Summer Reading.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1921.

I SEE paragraphs everywhere, even in the American press, to the effect that Lytton Strachey is writing a biography upon the subject of Disraeli. There is absolutely no truth in this statement. No doubt the notion has arisen as the result of Strachey's brilliant treatment of Disraeli in the recent life of Queen Victoria. The subject of his next book is still undecided; and some quite other themes have been suggested. Meanwhile, "Queen Victoria" remains the most talked of book of the day, in both countries. It is being translated into various languages, and promises to achieve an international reputation.

* * * *

The recent award of the "Vie Heureuse" prize to a book by Constance Holme has drawn attention to a writer who has long had a sincere following among those who can discern merit before it is generally acclaimed. Miss Holme is the wife of a factor upon a northern estate. She is a cousin of Ralph Straus, a well-known figure in London literary circles, and her experience in the north of England has no doubt been of incalculable assistance to her in the extremely able novels which she has been writing steadily, with increasing success, during the last few years. It is pleasant to see recognition coming to a writer who among all others at this time owes less to the "booming" of friends than any other. What success she has had is due entirely to the quality of her work.

* * * *

Viola Meynell has finished a new novel, bearing the title "Antonia". It breaks new ground, and is reported to me as being a book of considerable quality. Miss Meynell lives very quietly in Sussex, with her parents, and her work is written amid all the stress of ordinary daily employments. The home, her garden, and the quiet round of country engagements would not, one would think, stimulate a novelist in these days to works of a romantic character, and yet these are precisely the occupations which gave the greatest of English women novelists her emotional background. Not for nothing, therefore, has Miss Meynell been compared to Jane Austen. The new book finds material in the love of a girl for a foreigner of exceptional character, and the triangle upon which it is built is a rather unfamiliar one in its details.

* * * *

That which is foreign has always had a fascination for women novelists. It seems as though they found Englishmen too ordinary for romance. I wonder if this is really the case. Are Englishmen so unromantic? Is it not rather that they supply less of that easy dramatic interest than the superficially more demonstrative European? It is true that the Englishman has

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made for many years a fetish of coolness in face of danger and the calls of his emotions; but there seems to be something unsatisfying about him as a figure in the newer romantic novel. On the one side we have the greatly travestied "strong silent man", who remains the idol of several sections of the novel-reading public; on the other there can be no doubt that foreign blood "gingers up" a conventional figure more than anything else. Of old the romantic hero was a Russian, as Russians were supposed to be so passionate. Then the Russian gave way to the Hungarian or the Italian. Now, apparently, we must learn to adore the Scandinavian.

It is to Scandinavia that Romer Wilson hurries us in her new romance, "The Death of Society". This book has been given the Hawthornden Prize for the best work of imaginative literature published during the preceding twelve months. I imagine that the award has this year been received with more general acceptance than before. Miss Wilson's book, although I do not think it the work of genius which it has been styled by a section of the press, has this to recommend it. It is definitely rebellious against a particular convention of novel writing. All that breaks new ground with sincerity is to be welcomed, and Miss Wilson has a genuine gift of pure imagination which one must eagerly welcome. When she has found a subject free from absurdity she will do fine work, and there are passages in "The Death of Society" which make it in my opinion the most deserving book issued during the period with which the prize committee had to deal. But it has absurdities, to which one must not blind one's eyes, and what I fear most is that the section of the press to which Miss Wilson owes her recognition may confirm her in precisely that defect in her work which should be guarded against. It is the choice of material for explanation.

Let me explain what I mean. Miss Wilson had a great réclame over "Martin Schuler" because it described Germany, a country which she had never seen. "The Death of Society" deals with a part of Scandinavia, which she has never seen. It is considered remarkable that she should describe countries which she has not seen. It is in fact remarkable. It is also much more remarkable that she should depict characters belonging to other nationalities. But what is this, compared with her great gift of describing beauties which she is not cleverly faking? Her talent lies in the gift of pure imagination, and whatever she writes must have value for that reason. I do not care, personally, where her characters live; but if she has, as I believe, a real gift, she can make an English villager as romantic as any foreigner. She has no need to employ the extravagant.

Miss Wilson lives in a little village in Wiltshire, right on the Wiltshire downs. I have been to that village, and I know its beautiful surroundings. They are enough to inspire any writer, and are remote from trains and tourists. What could be more delightful than a novel from Miss Wilson about a Wiltshire village? Nothing in the world.

* * * *

The death of Claud Lovat Fraser is a distinct loss to the world of the artistic theatre. Americans had an opportunity of glimpsing his work when "The Beggar's Opera" was recently brought across by Nigel Playfair. I do not know, of course, what impression it made; but I believe "The Beggar's Opera" did not please

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the American public as much as it has done the English. Lovat Fraser was doing this for the London stage: he was getting pure color into it, and was doing so without that preciosity which has spoiled so much æsthetic work of a comparable kind. He must have loved color. It is true that his colors were those of the Noah's Ark, but what of that? He had, before his death, completed the drawings for an illustrated edition of "The Beggar's Opera", which is to be published by Heinemann. They will show how clean and straight his work was, but they cannot make clear how active and full of vitality Lovat Fraser was. For that we shall no doubt have to wait until later, when some further collection is made of his drawings for the theatre and for books.

The last glimpse I had of Lovat Fraser's work was on board Arnold Bennett's new yacht. When one sights this yacht one sees only its chaste lines and the rich blue of its external coloring. But step on board! The breath is taken away. Here are brilliant reds and yellows and greens and blues all in daring juxtaposition! And very fine they are, when one is used to them. At the first glance they are staggering. I insist that it is staggering to go to sleep in a cabin that is painted brilliant red and yellow, and to eat in a saloon that is a bold mixture of blue and apple green. But wait! After a short time the colors begin to satisfy. They compel one to admit their rightness. In remembering Bennett's yacht one remembers a rich feast of color, and the fact that it is pure color prevents it from ever being objectionable. Now a man who could rediscover pure color was of use to the world, too long devitalized with Liberty shades. There is nothing like the paroquet for satisfying one in the world of birds.

While Lovat Fraser designed, his wife, who I believe is an American by birth, executed. To see Mrs. Lovat Fraser, tall and beautiful, in a dress of her husband's designing, is a sight for sair eyes. And it was she who made many of the dresses for "The Beggar's Opera". They worked on the costumes together, and I can imagine no happier work than the common enjoyment of beauty and distinction in design can bring. I must repeat that the death of Lovat Fraser is a real loss. It is a loss not only to the theatre but to life, for these pure colors were just what we wanted. We still want them. They are essential to what H. G. Wells calls the salvaging of civilization.

* * * *

A luncheon was given in the middle of last month to Couperus, the Dutch novelist. Although several people were prevented from attending owing to their illness or absence from London, it seemed to be a very distinguished gathering. The Dutch Ambassador was present, and Stephen McKenna was in the chair. Other guests included some veterans—T. P. O'Connor, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Arthur Pinero, etc. W. B. Maxwell, among novelists, and Alfred Noyes, among poets, were also there. Louis Couperus made a short speech in English, in which he proposed the toast of English Literature. There seemed some hesitation upon the part of several present to rise and drink this toast. I suppose they thought they were too directly involved! It was a comical hesitation. Fortunately, the rules of the club at which the gathering was held forbade the publication of any report of the proceedings, and so there

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were no speeches other than those of the chairman and the guest. It was thus a quiet and decorous affair, which gave pleasure to all who participated. Teixeira de Mattos and Thornton Butterworth, the translator and publisher of Couperus's latest work, were among the persons bidden to do him honor, and the tone of the proceedings was such as to assure him that we had a real appreciation of a genuine talent. On the previous evening a dinner had been given to Couperus at the House of Commons.

* * * *

With the production of "Abraham Lincoln" at the Lyceum Theatre, the largest and most "popular" of all West End theatres, it seems as though we were determined at last to show John Drinkwater that we value him. The truth is that the Melvilles, who run this house, are real sports, and that they have not been insensible to the possibilities of good plays for popular audiences. It is an excellent step, for the popular audience is the final test, and the taste of the people in England is better, as a whole, than that of the better-educated class. I foresee a good run for this play at the Lyceum, and if the experiment succeeds we may see other plays, unjustly excluded from the fashionable theatres, having their popular successes. There is no doubt that we are very snobbish, and a success for Drinkwater, following, of course, upon the great success which "Lincoln" enjoyed at the Lyric, Hammersmith, would be a welcome sign of reform.

Another dramatist who has great vogue in the United States—St. John Ervine—is at present at work upon a new play. Ervine, wise in his generation, is by the sea, enjoying the waves and the sunshine, and working when he has the right degree of inclination. He is down in Devonshire, where there is plenty of sun and breeze, and I hear that he is bathing and sailing as though these things were not enviable by all less fortunate than himself.

* * * *

The other day a friend of mine was told by an American that American authors worked harder than English authors. This is an illusion. The real English authors work very hard indeed; but they have some sort of curious pride which makes them pretend not to do so. They sport and they talk, as though nothing were farther from their thoughts than work. But when it comes to the point there are few people who work harder. It must be borne in mind that writing is extremely hard work, and it is work which cannot be done continuously without consequent decline in quality and without actual physical exhaustion. When I look round at those of my friends who do not write, and those—I admit a much smaller number—who do, I know which of them are the workers. An ordinary man works from sun to sun (perhaps); but a writer's work is never done. This is an adaptation of an older saying, of less truth at the present time in its original application. And there is no harder worker than Ervine. The appearance of ease is deceptive. Moreover, ease of composition means very little. It means, at most, that a good deal of work is done before ever the writer sits down to his paper and pen. All the time Ervine is bathing he is really preparing for the later literary effort. And what a tonic bathing is! I know of nothing to compare with it.

* * * *

Near the place in Devonshire where Ervine is staying lives Granville

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Barker, still occupied with the general redecoration and rearrangement of a delightful old house which he bought some time ago. Still the hammers of workmen may be heard from morning till night, still the lawns are imperfect, and still is this whole "production" a matter of as strenuous concern to Barker as that of any play he has presented in the theatre. But in spite of this, he is engaged upon a new play, and he is also working upon a new book dealing with the art of the theatre. This may be called "The Only Possible Theatre"; and I should not be surprised to find that in Barker's opinion the only possible theatre is a National Theatre, supported by a State subsidy. If one glances at the theatres which are closed at the present time, or which are offering for our entertainment curious medleys which can only be regarded as stop-gaps, one realizes that something has got to be done unless the theatre is to become a mere frost. Some plays are still making money; but the majority are either losing it or are just paying their way. The chances for a good play, supposing a good one to be suddenly written by an unknown author, seem very remote. That is why I feel great delight at the several items of dramatic news which I have given above.

* * * *

Sinclair Lewis, who is over here just now, has made the discovery that all of us make sooner or later: that it is impossible to work in London. He has been enjoying the sight of literary and pseudo-literary London at play, and he has taken a house in the country for work. It is in Kent, where the hops come from, and he has been told that the real hop-pickers have gone, and that only duchesses in disguise will knock at his door for water to boil in their tea kettles. I hope he will be disappointed, and that a few of the genuine article will come along, for they are a much more interesting class than the duchesses. And I hope he will be able to keep the exact locality of his residence a secret from most people, for in these days of motor cars there are few homes so remote as to permit of uninterrupted work. It is a rare sight for us, this of a writer who has sold two hundred and fifty or sixty thousand copies of a good book, and we are making the most of Lewis.

* * * *

The new Hall Caine novel is shortly to be published, and Hall Caine is still among our biggest sellers. When a new novel of his is on the point of being published he takes a more than usually active interest in its production. Where most English authors sedulously pretend that they know nothing of such matters, Hall Caine actually adds to the life and energy of the publishers who have the honor of presenting him to an eager public. He goes to their office, and really lends a hand. For his age he is among the most active men I have ever seen, and his aid cannot fail to be of the greatest utility. It is so long since Hall Caine had out a new novel that this one will be something of an event. It is a remarkable thing that he and Miss Corelli were the first to prove the wrongness of a belief hitherto powerful, that publication of a novel in a summer month spelt failure. The truth is quite otherwise, although for ordinary purposes publishers still believe that there is no time like the late autumn. It is supposed that people spend the long evenings by the fireside, reading. I have never seen them doing this, but perhaps publishers themselves are in the habit of holding

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books over the fire and spoiling the bindings in this way.

However, we have got so far as to make August quite a busy month, and one day it may be possible here, as it is in America, to make publication in May or June or July without setting our fathers' teeth on edge. I have certainly seen more reading in the summer months, at the seaside, than at any other time. But that is supposed here to be a matter of cheap books only. I don't believe it for a moment. I know that a few years ago, at Bournemouth, I realized that a new novel by Ethel M. Dell had been published simply because every woman I saw was carrying a copy in her hand. You could have no better argument. But of course, Bournemouth is a bookish place—or rather it has been made so by the possession of a bookseller who knows his business and who thus knows how many copies of a book he can hope to sell. I refer to Mr. Cooper, who some years ago left London to buy the shop of Commin, in the Christchurch Road. If American visitors are in Bournemouth, they will do well to visit this shop.

SIMON PURE

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Carl Sandburg

PUBLISHED between a picture of a caravan of mules going to Kurdistan on one page and an article on rice growing and the rainy season in the Philippine Islands on the next page, one finds in "Asia" for July the poem "Verses on a Painting of Wang-Tsai". The verses are by the Chinese poet Tu Fu, translated from the French of Marquis d'Hervey-Saint Denys by Elizabeth Titzel. This is a roundabout process wherein the original usually loses all its square corners and has its ears knocked off. Yet in this instance the translators should be handed a bun each because they either kept the breath of poetry in the original or they blew their own breaths of poetry into the translations. "The Fisherman" from the Chinese of Shi-Tsen Tsu of the Sung dynasty translated by Sophia H. Chen and Francis de Lacy Hyde is a second, and "Berber Songs" translated by C. E. Andrews are still other specimens in the practice of poetry, appearing in the magazine called "Asia", worth several readings.

"Being an Armenian—an Armenian anywhere—gives one strange feelings," writes Aghavnie Yeghenian in "The New Republic". And he pens a paragraph in a prose article having passwords of poetry hidden in its pockets. The paragraph reads:

> I go to a concert and the singer begins Mignon's passionate love song for her country, "Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger—? C'est là, c'est là, que je voudrais vivre, aimer, aimer et mourir." A desire to sob seizes my whole being. I want to run away from the

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audience sitting there politely and smiling while they listen, they who cannot understand. I cry silently once again, "Is it nothing to you who have a country that I have none?"

Then we find Edmund Wilson, Jr. in "The New Republic" asking, "Is not Mencken's gloomy catalogue as much the poetry of modern America as Walt Whitman's was of the early Republic?" with the following block set in contrast to a catalogue passage from Whitman:

Pale druggists in remote towns of the hog and cotton belt, endlessly wrapping up Peruna. ...Women hidden away in the damp kitchens of unpainted houses along the railroad tracks, frying tough beefsteaks....Lime and cement dealers being initiated into the Knights of Pythias, the Redmen or the Woodmen of the World....Watchmen at lonely railroad crossings in Iowa, hoping that they'll be able to get off to hear the United Brethren evangelist preach....Ticket-choppers in the Subway, breathing sweat in its gaseous form....Family doctors in poor neighborhoods, faithfully relying upon the therapeutics taught in their Eclectic Medical College in 1884....Farmers plowing sterile fields behind sad meditative horses, both suffering from the bites of insects.... Greeks tending all-night coffee-joints in the suburban wildernesses where the trolley-cars stop....Grocery clerks stealing prunes and gingersnaps and trying to make assignations with soapy servant-girls....Women confined for the ninth or tenth time, wondering hopelessly what it is all about....Methodist preachers retired after forty years of service in the trenches of God, upon pensions of $600 a year....Wives and daughters of Middle Western country bankers, marooned in Los Angeles, going tremblingly to swami seances in dark smelly rooms.... Chauffeurs in huge fur coats waiting outside theatres filled with folks applauding Robert Edeson and Jane Cowl....Decaped and hopeless men writing editorials at midnight for leading papers in Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama....

Among the "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme" by Amy Lowell, in "Poetry", are such pieces of wrought work as these:

VI

This then is morning.
Have you no comfort for me
Cold-colored flowers?

XII

As a river-wind
Hurling clouds at a bright moon,
So am I to you.

XIV

Down a red river
I drift in a broken skiff.
Are you then so brave?

XX

When the aster fades
The creeper flaunts in crimson.
Always another!

XXI

Turning from the page,
Blind with a night of labor,
I hear morning crows.

XXIII

Sweet smell of wet flowers
Over an evening garden.
Your portrait, perhaps?

XXIV

Staying in my room,
I thought of the new spring leaves.
That day was happy.

John Dos Passos has in "The Dial" a piece, "On Poetic Composition". As a title it has little invitation if not for its faint whiff of the ironic on second reading. In "The Grinnell Review" is a story translated from the Spanish, "The Scorpion of Brother Gomez". It appeared originally in "Casa Editorial Maucci", Barcelona. The aloof play spirit of it, the tossing of the colors of life, would almost place this brief tale among the best poems of the month. In "The Nation", Clement Wood has "Canopus", having to do with a man and a woman who fare forth into woodland by evening starlight. Just how "The Nation" should have taken this verse away from other editors on the lookout for it is a speculative mat-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Each month* THE BOOKMAN *will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Carl Sandburg will act as arbiter for October. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.*

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ter. "Canopus" is a compressed Robert Chambers novel with a high percentage of what Norma Talmadge says is correctly designated "the love interest" rather than "the sex motive". The poem fitted into the columns of "The Nation" like a woman in a lavender hat at a Quaker meeting.

Concluding item: there were many other best poems in American magazines, periodicals, and newspapers within our allotted time—and our eyes missed a few—and this must be so from moon to moon.

VERSES ON A PAINTING OF WANG-TSAI

What! Ten days to paint a mountain!
What! Five days to make a rock!
Why, yes! Your true artist doesn't like to be hurried and tormented.
What does time matter to Wang-tsai, so long as never a picture leaves his hands imperfect?
That fine view of Mount Kuen-lun and Mount Fang-hu—
How well it would go in a great room in the middle of a plain wall!

Here is the city of Pa-ling and Lake Tung-ting, which empties its waters into the Japan Sea:
Their silvered course goes into the distance as far as eye can travel, until it mingles with the empurpled line of the horizon.
Clouds wander through space like flying dragons.
A man is there, in a boat; he is a fisherman, in haste to gain the bay you see on the shore—
The mountain torrents tell me so, and these foamy waves and that wild wind.

What marvelous craftsmanship! Never has any one carried so far the science of distance.
Ten inches of paper are ample to enclose ten thousand leagues of land.
Who will give me sharp scissors that I may snip off a piece of it?
I will content myself with the Kingdom of Ou, with the land of Sung and half the great river thrown in!

Tu Fu
Translated from the French of Marquis D'Hervey-Saint Denys by Elizabeth Titzel
—*Asia*

WOMAN'S SONG

These are the first born
Of the first people:
Topal, the grinding stone,
Kenhut, the wampum string,
Paviut, the knife.

When the Empty Quietness begot the Engendering Mist
Then came the Sky man,
Came the Earth mother,
Who made the Grinding Stone,
Who made the Hunting Knife,
Who made the Wampum String.

Thus runs the song around;
Under what tribal change soe'er you find them,
Where there are women,
There sits the Grinding Stone;
Where there are men,
There glints the Hunting Knife;
Where there are people,
There runs the Wampum String.
Thus runs the song around.

From "Songs of the American Indian" re-expressed from the original by Mary Austin
—*Harper's Magazine*

ON POETIC COMPOSITION

There was a king in China.

He sat in a garden under a moon of gold
while a black slave scratched his back
with a backscratcher of emerald.
Before him beyond the tulipbed
where the tulips were stiff goblets of fiery wine
stood the poets in a row.

One sang of the intricate patterns of snowflakes.
One sang of the hennatipped breasts of girls dancing
and of yellow limbs rubbed with attar.
One sang of the red bows of Tartar horsemen
and the whine of arrows, and bloodclots on new spearshafts.
Others sang of wine and dragons coiled in purple bowls,
and one, in a droning voice
recited the maxims of Lao T'se.

(Far off at the walls of the city
a groaning of drums and a clank of massed spearmen.
Gongs in the temples.)

The king sat under a moon of gold
while a black slave scratched his back
with a backscratcher of emerald.

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The long gold nails of his left hand
twined about a red tulip blotched with black,
a tulip shaped like a dragon's mouth
or the flames bellying about a pagoda of sandal-
wood.
The long gold nails of his right hand
were held together at the tips
in an attitude of discernment:—
to award the tulip to the poet
of the poets that stood in a row.

(Gongs in the temples.
Men with hairy arms
climbing on the walls of the city.
They have red bows slung on their backs,
their hands grip new spearshafts.)

The guard of the tomb of the king's great
grandfather
stood with two swords under the moon of gold.
With one sword he very carefully
slit the base of his large belly
and inserted the other and fell upon it
and sprawled beside the king's footstool;
his blood sprinkled the tulips
and the poets in a row.

(The gongs are quiet in the temples.
Men with hairy arms
scatter with taut bows through the city.
There is blood on new spearshafts.)

The long gold nails of the king's right hand
were held together at the tips
in an attitude of discernment:
the geometric glitter of snowflakes,
the pointed breasts of yellow girls
crimson with henna,
the swirl of river-eddies about a barge
where men sit drinking,
the eternal dragon of magnificence...
Beyond the tulipbed
stood the poets in a row.

The garden full of spearshafts and shouting
and the whine of arrows and the red bows of
Tartars
and trampling of the sharp hoofs of warhorses.
Under the golden moon
the men with hairy arms
struck off the heads of the tulips in the tulip-
bed
and of the poets in a row.
The king lifted the hand that held the flaming
dragonflower:
To him of the snowflakes, he said.

On a new white spearshaft
the men with hairy arms
spitted the king and the black slave
who scratched his back with a backscratcher
of emerald.

There was a king in China.

John Dos Passos
—The Dial

OBSERVATIONS OF HO-HEN

Spend two weeks, two years or two centuries
"away from the world," and, returning,
you will find it much the same.
There is always a murder, a robbery,
a fire and a man who proposes to be
The Deliverer of the People.
There are new names,
but the facts are old and familiar.

* * *

When the water fails and the young rice
dies fruitless in the paddies,
there is famine in the land—
because the people have become
dependent upon the rice crop.
But the forest folk, who cultivate nothing,
never know famine,
because there is always
another nut, another berry, another animal—
and no civilization to consume the waters.

Tubman K. Hedrick
—Hit or Miss Column, The Chicago Daily News

LOOKING EAST AT SUNRISE

In the half-light of the early morning, who's
this still abroad?
Plainly, one who should be well upon his
road by now...
Best give him warning....

Hurry you, hurry!—you who have not heeded
cockcrow. You who dally overboldly
where the twilight leaves unwillingly,
who linger in the valley where the frosty
grass greets daybreak coldly,—why so
loth to pass?

Don't be cheated, you who shun the sunlight,
by the wan light on the cheek of High
Tor; for his back is to the East, and
his face is to the moon that's going
down now in the West....

Day is toward. See! the brook pours glassy-
yellow, and the sun is reddening the top
twigs of the wood. Look on him and
you are done....

You who haunt the world that's gray-lit, don't
you know that we poor souls who wear
our bodies still, do ever what we may to
keep the two together? In the world
that's daylit, there is no place for the
bodiless....

Then back into the Underworld, back into the
Otherworld, while still the gates of
Heaven and Hell stand ajar: get you
gone, get you gone....

Belated ghost, Ill Spirit, pixy, nixie, elf, lepre-
chaun—whatso you are,

Day's upon you—save yourself!

Amy Murray
—The Measure

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Two Women Poets

THERE is a lyric beauty in some of Edna St. Vincent Millay's stanzas that seems to me almost unequaled in American poetry. "Second April" (Kennerley), her latest volume, is filled with it. She uses the simplest language, yet the cadences are so odd and she employs so curious a mysticism and so daring and impudent a philosophy, that she practically always succeeds in being original. Of her new books, I like "Second April" best, though the sameness of mood throughout all the poems in the volume becomes a trifle monotonous. "A Few Figs from Thistles" (Shay) is as gay as a giant purple thistle and as prickly. "The Lamp and the Bell" (Shay), recently produced at Vassar, is a remarkable study of feminine friendship. But I like Miss Millay when she is wilful and gay, when she pouts and races and riots. She is never more attractive than when she plays the hoyden, as in "Daphne" (from "A Few Figs from Thistles").

> Why do you follow me?—
> Any moment I can be
> Nothing but a laurel tree.
>
> Any moment of the chase
> I can leave you in my place
> A pink bough for your embrace.
>
> Yet if over hill and hollow
> Still it is your will to follow,
> I am off;—to heel, Apollo!

The English poetess, Charlotte Mew, is as restrained as Miss Millay is buoyant. In "Saturday Market" (Macmillan) we have tightly packed stanzas in slow-moving rhythms, grim little dramatic studies, stories that are Hardyesque in their homely bitterness. In her longer poems Miss Mew is most impressive. "Madeleine in Church" is poignant and stirring—a great psychological study. "In Nunhead Cemetery" is a stark and terrible lament. Always she is grave and reposeful. Practically never does she allow a lilting beat or a swift infusion of color to disturb the pounding beat of her rather ugly lines. This is the grey poetry of a reflective mind tempered by strong passion. It shows a large understanding of the psychology of womankind with a rare strength of thought and technique that is almost masculine. Miss Mew is not an easy poet to read or to understand, but she is probably great. The following stanza, while not typical, seems to me to be fine indeed:

> Oh! quiet Christ who never knew
> The poisonous fangs that bite us through
> And make us do the things we do,
> See how we suffer and fight and die,
> How helpless and how low we lie,
> God holds You, and You hang so high,
> Though no one looking long at You
> Can think You do not suffer too,
> But, up there, from your still, star-lighted tree
> What can You know, what can You really see
> Of this dark ditch, the soul of me!

The Soul of a Pacifist

CLERAMBAULT" (Holt) is the story of a man fighting against his country. He is the "one against all". Romain Rolland has created this figure of a French poet, convinced in spite of friends and the State that the war is evil, with dramatic and occasionally almost lyric intensity. It is a difficult book, more portrait than story, with many pages of disquisi-

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tion. To anyone who felt the war keenly, however, the old man mourning the death of his son, and persisting in his views even after family and friends have deserted him, will be worth knowing. Clerambault may cause much speculation. It would be interesting to know whether you and I would have been one of the many to throw stones and to jeer. Whatever we might have felt in the parade moments of war emotion, surely now we can find in Clerambault only a rather lonely, rather appealing, almost magnificent figure—the determined internationalist—painted masterfully, with strokes that are defiant, grim, and yet withal gentle.

Informative and Readable

"WHAT shall we use as an outline for studying literature next winter at our club?" is a question that is often asked and has all too few replies. "The American Novel" (Macmillan) is one of the best answers. Carl Van Doren is an able critic, and a careful student. Incidentally, he writes well. This study of American fiction from before the Revolution to the present, is for most of its length excellent reading, and it is terse and compact. He gives us, not only the development of various periods, but biographical and critical studies of their more important figures. I like particularly the sketch on Herman Melville, and the more extended analysis of Henry James. It would be amusing to be blessed with enough leisure to sit down with this book and indulge in an orgy of collateral reading. I should like to skim over "Green Mountain Boys" again, and doesn't Hannah Webster Foster's "The Coquette" (1797) tempt you? It would be interesting to compare Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Main Street" with a more recent product. Yes, it is a suggestive book, and a rather stimulating one, a book worth studying because it will undoubtedly show that you really know very little of your native literature. There is a good bibliography and an index. If it were not so entertainingly prepared, one would be inclined to name it a superlative textbook. I can think of no way to become so quickly informed in regard to our fictional background as to read this study of Mr. Van Doren's.

Stars!

MOST books for children that attempt to establish pleasant methods of instruction or to devise elaborate mnemonics are hopelessly dull. In "The Star People" (Macmillan) Gaylord Johnson has succeeded, I think, in making the study of the sky entertaining, in spite of the fact, or partly because of the fact, that he makes a game of the whole matter. His drawings in the sand, his stories of the ways of the celestial folk, his exceedingly plain diagrams, should delight the parent or teacher who appreciates what a joy it is to a child to be able to find and name the more important of the heavenly bodies. Is there anything more entrancing than to hunt through the summer sky for a Dipper or a Bear? I've never yet been able to see the "Lady in the Moon", though her stupid mate is quite plain. Mr. Johnson's book is attractive and useful, and since it includes schemes for both summer and winter lessons, its value does not depend on the season.

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Picnic Reading!

THE latest J. S. Fletcher novel is less a thriller than a puzzle. It is one of those cold analytical detective stories that can boast a couple of murders and never upset the reader's mood of contemplation. "The Borough Treasurer" (Knopf) is a clever portrayal of crime and character. The mystery of how Cotherstone and Mallalieu, ex-convicts disguised, become treasurer and mayor of the town of Highmarket, requires careful watching to unravel. Mr. Fletcher has adopted a dry and unusual method of unfolding his plot that, together with an amusingly faithful picture of the small town fluttering in the face of murder, accusation, and trial, makes this a fascinating book of its kind.

—*J. F.*

MEASURE ME, SKY!

By Leonora Speyer

MEASURE me, sky!
Tell me I reach by a song
Nearer the stars;
I have been little so long!

Weigh me, high wind!
What will your wild scales record?
Profit of pain,
Joy by the weight of a word!

Horizon, reach out!
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,
Rim of the world;
Widen my eyes by a thought!

Sky, be my depth,
Wind, be my width and my height,
World, my heart's span;
Loneliness, wings for my flight!

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO DANTE

By Arthur Benington

WRITING of Dante several years ago in "America", I asserted that no one not a Roman Catholic could really love the great poet; others may admire him with their minds, but it takes one soaked in Catholic doctrine and tradition to feel him with the heart and to make the constant reading of him an act of worship. Since then I have perused many recent books on Dante, some of them very good, but in all there was lacking just that spirit which means profound sympathy. The very latest study of Dante, however, comes from the hands of a Roman Catholic priest —the Very Reverend Monsignor John T. Slattery, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Watervliet, New York. A careful reading of it confirms that old opinion of mine.

And yet the book is not written for Catholics. It is the publication of a course of lectures delivered before the students of the New York State College for Teachers, Albany, in 1919 and 1920 and it bears a preface by Dr. John H. Finley—evidently written before he had read it—in which he says:

> I invite others, and I hope they may be many, to make this brief journey [through the Inferno and Purgatorio into Paradise] with us, not because I know specifically what Dr. Slattery will say along the way, but because whatever he says out of his deep and reverent acquaintance with the Divine Comedy will help us all who follow him, whether we are of his particular faith or not, to an appreciation of the meaning of this immortal poem, and make us desire to go again and again in our reading through these spaces of the struggles of human souls.

This is "Dante Year", the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. Great preparations have been made in all civilized countries to celebrate the anniversary in a way that shall be worthy of the greatest of all poets. Here in America a National Dante Committee was formed, with Dr. Finley as its head, for the purpose of promoting and, so far as possible, coordinating all celebrations. Dr. Slattery is a member of that committee, and is also the active head of the Dante Memorial Association, of which the late Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Finley were chosen as honorary presidents. The chief object of the association is to raise funds for the restoration of the Church of St. Francis, at Ravenna, where Dante prayed and worshiped in the evening of his life, from which he was buried, and where in a mausoleum adjoining the church his mortal remains have rested for six hundred years.

Dr. Slattery's book comes then at an opportune moment. Doubtless this year will see many more, for there remains still so much to be said about Dante, so much gold to be dug from that inexhaustible mine, that scarce a year passes without the appearance of some new study, and this anniversary year is a temptation to both writers and publishers. But I venture to predict that no better introduction to Dante than Dr. Slattery's will appear. In fact I have never seen another that is quite its equal.

Dr. Slattery begins with an outline sketch of the world as it was in Dante's day. Without at least a general idea of the life, the politics, the beliefs, the manners, the religion, the

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learning, the literature of that thirteenth century—which James J. Walsh has called the "Greatest of All Centuries"—one would read Dante without understanding him. To have given a clear picture of that rich and crowded century in a little more than forty very readable pages, as Dr. Slattery has done, is a triumph in itself. In it, however, is one error—perhaps typographical—that ought to be corrected in a later edition; he writes of the defeat of the Ghibellines under Manfred (which took place in 1266) as "a few months before Dante's death", when, of course, he means before his birth. This introductory chapter is rich in quotations from the most illustrious historians and commentators, not all of whom, unfortunately, are cited by name.

Then follows a chapter on Dante, the man. It is concisely done—perhaps too concisely, for it presents the extraordinarily few facts that are certainly known about his life, unwinnowed from the mass of more or less dubious information given by Dante's earlier biographers. It might have been better had the author at least informed his readers that these biographers are not always to be trusted: Boccaccio, who is really the best of them, was a romancer before he was a biographer! For instance, it is not altogether certain that the Beatrice of Dante's poems was the daughter of Folco Portinari and wife of Simone dei Bardi; many critics hold that she was only an ideal woman invented by Dante to express a great allegory. They are probably wrong, but the fact that there is doubt as to the actuality of Beatrice should be mentioned in even the briefest of biographies. And the embassy to Rome? And the mission to Venice?...

The rest of the book is devoted to the "Divine Comedy", a chapter each to the "Inferno", "Purgatorio", and "Paradiso". The author's method is excellent; in each case he begins by presenting the general outline, its architecture, its meaning, the allegories embraced in it, the doctrines taught by it. Then he conducts the reader rapidly in the steps of Dante through the region: with Virgil through hell and purgatory to the point at which Beatrice takes the Roman poet's place; with Beatrice through heaven to the throne of God; and with St. Bernard on the last steps of the voyage; pointing out the salient spots and the most interesting characters, citing the most beautiful passages in the translations of Norton, Grandgent, and Longfellow, like the guide of a party of Cook's tourists visiting a foreign city for the first time.

Scholars may scorn such a way of studying the greatest poem ever written, just as we who have lived in Rome and speak Italian smile pityingly at the little flocks of American and English tourists being hurriedly shepherded through the Eternal City; but this book is not for scholars, just as personally conducted tours are not for those who know the language and have plenty of leisure; it is a necessary introduction to an eternal poem, so stupendous, so beautiful, so profound, that a lifetime does not suffice for its study, a poem which can be studied only in the language in which it was written. As such Dr. Slattery's work is the best I know. May it lead many to delve more deeply into the enchanting mysteries of the epic, to thrill with the music of its words, to enter into its spirit and see with Dante the hideous horror of sin, experience with him the peace that comes of contrition, and at last be rapt with him into the

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glory of the Divine Presence and stand face to face with God!

Dante. By John T. Slattery. P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

HURRAH FOR THE BLUE LAWS

By Raymond Hitchcock

"If Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims, Instead of the Pilgrims landing on the Rock..."
—Sung by Mr. Hitchcock in the 1921 "Follies"

GUSTAVUS MYERS'S beautifully written book "Ye Olden Blue Laws" has won me over completely, and in my small way I am going to do all I can to bring the Blue Laws back again. I am on the side of Mr. Cooper —from Nashville—who, with twenty-five others and myself, is going to implore Congress to bring back the Blue Laws and darn quick. For that is the only way to save our nation from the unseen wrath of an unknown force that gets mad at the way things are going and kills millions of people, bringing misery, pestilence, and hate to crush the living until it is satisfied. But with the passing of a full set of improved 1921 up-to-date Blue Laws, we will bring peace and happiness, and the crowning thing of all, love for each other. Of course we will have to have a new set of political jobs. We must have the "Witch Finder"—I have a list of names of persons I want burned—and the tender or keeper of the pillory and stocks. I can keep them busy for months with people I know, and it would go far to create a spirit of love in them. We must beat the hell out of them till they come to us. When I say *us*, I mean us Blue Law insisters.

At the top of page 6 in Myers's book, there is the suggestion of a law to protect ministers against caustic criticism. I'm for that strong! but I intend to have the bill read, when it reaches President Harding for signing, "ministers and *actors*", and no one will be allowed to throw anything, such as eggs or vegetables, at actors or ministers. That will be neatly put in the bill—joker-like. The new and improved Sunday laws will be something pretty! I will give in advance a few inserts of interest: "No Sunday travel. No Fords allowed on the roads Sunday. Parents with large families may wheel the Ford into the dining room and pretend they are out annoying people who are really going some place. Nothing but Rolls-Royces, Marmons, Packards, and their like will be allowed to run on Sundays."

This is a slight departure from the original Blue Laws, but not from the spirit that caused the laws to be passed. On page 38 Myers clearly points out that the Lord had blessed one class only. These chosen ones resented the fact that men and women of mean condition should garb themselves as gentlemen and ladies, so they passed a law prohibiting the wearing of gold or silver lace or buttons, points at the knees, great boots, and (in the case of women) silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs:—such things were only allowable to persons of greater estates. As we have no gold or silver laces to denote rich blessings, we substitute the automobile. No more will we pass the truck-load of happy children, and of tired mothers who have been penned up all the week in hot buildings or have spent nights watching over their brood of children sleeping on the sidewalks to escape the smothering heat of the tenement. Those people must stay in their places and never see the woods or feel the fresh air created by the Great Unknown. But oh! tired mothers and uncom-

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fortable children, this is for the glory of the Lord and your happiness, because instead of going to the woods on Sunday, Jews, Mohametists, Catholics, Christian Scientists, etc. will be much better off going to the Blue Law church. What a lovely sight to see Hester Street being marched off to attend the Blue Law church. This is going to create a lot of love and avoid a revolution which we Blue Law folks feel is coming. Be it understood that we who make the Blue Laws and own Marmons, Packards, Pierce Arrows, and suchlike blessings, will be immune from the laws, thus carrying out the true spirit of "Ye Olden Blue Laws" so delightfully brought forward by Mr. Myers.

Ye Olden Blue Laws. By Gustavus Myers. The Century Co.

WHAT IS MAN?

By Cassius J. Keyser

THIS book, by Count Korzybski, a Polish engineer, is a work of the gravest importance. In a fundamental way its scope embraces all of the cardinal concerns of mankind. Its appeal is, therefore, universal, which cannot be said of many books. Not to read it and to meditate upon the significance of its central thesis is to miss the best thought of our troubled times.

Of books that discourse about human nature there are many, new and old. Such, for example, is the "Pensées" of Blaise Pascal or the "Why Men Fight" of Bertrand Russell. Korzybski's book does not belong to that class of disquisitions. It is far more fundamental; or, as I ought in truth to say, it *is* fundamental and the others are not. Why do I say that? Because in entering upon Korzybski's book the reader must be prepared to grapple with a fundamental *concept*, and the concept is not only new, strictly new, but it is immeasurably important, for it is a concept defining the greatest of known realities—the characteristic nature of man.

What is that concept? What *is* man? Of all the questions we can ask that question is supreme. For the character of human history, the present status of the world, the future destiny of our human kind, all depend both upon what man really is and especially upon what man *thinks* man is. If for an answer to the supreme question you go to the thought of bygone times or to the regnant philosophy of our own day, the answer you will get will be one or the other of just two kinds. One answer is *zoological* —man is a kind or species of animal, the *bête humaine;* the age-old rival of the zoological answer is *mythological* —man is a mysterious compound of animal (a natural thing) with something "supernatural".

Korzybski denounces both of those conceptions as being not only false but vicious, for they are, he contends with great force, mainly responsible for the dismal things of human history and for all that is woeful in the present condition of the world. What, then, is the true conception of man? Man, says our author, is to be defined in terms of time. Man is a "time-binder"—humanity is the time-binding class of life. Of the conception's meaning, which is not only noble but truly momentous, there is room here for only the barest hint. Man is naturally endowed with a certain power—a certain kind of energy let us say—that is peculiar to him. What is it? It is the energy by which human kind in its infancy (a quarter or a half-

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million years ago), though it had neither knowledge nor tools nor precedents nor history nor traditions nor even speech, was yet enabled to do the most wonderful of all things—to *initiate*, I mean, and then to carry forward, the creative movement now called civilization; it is the energy that in thus producing civilization makes the achievements of the dead survive as living capital for perpetual increase and transmission to all posterity, so that, in the distinctive life of man, past and future are bound together in one single living growing reality—the eternal Now. Man is, then, a time-binder because time-binding capacity is not only peculiar to him—for animals have it not—but is, among man's distinctive marks, beyond all comparison the most significant one. It is thus clear that the life of man *as* man is *life-in-time*. The life of animals belongs to a lower dimension. Their most significant mark is their autonomous power to move about in *space*, enabling them to appropriate the natural fruits of many localities. Animals are accordingly defined to be "space-binders". And the plants are the "chemistry-binders" of the basic energies of the world. To say that humans are animals because they have some animal propensities is precisely like saying that a solid is a surface because it has some surface properties, and the blunder is fundamental; in the life of man it has been truly tragic.

The time-binding energies of man have been operating for perhaps 500,000 years but throughout the vast period their activities have been hampered and are hampered today in a thousand subtle ways by false conceptions of what man is, and so civilization has never been permitted to advance in accord with its natural law, which is the amazing law of a swiftly increasing function of time. The nature of this law and a score of other momentous matters plead for consideration, but space is lacking and the reader must be referred to Korzybski's great book.

Manhood of Humanity, The Science and Art of Human Engineering. By Alfred Korzybski. E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE BACK YARD OF ALLAH

By Archie Austin Coates

WHEN an author has produced a widely read and lauded work, he sets himself a task which he must subsequently strain every capacity to perform, namely to equal or surpass past performances. With lamentable frequency he fails. Although Robert Hichens has proved himself by no means a one-book man, yet it is a far cry from the clean-cut strong workmanship of his "Garden of Allah" to his latest production, "The Spirit of the Times". He has, as it were, moved from the garden into the back yard and poked about with his pen in the debris he found there.

He has aimed to portray the present condition of the world since the war, but it is to be feared that he has only partially succeeded. What is really only plot enough for a short story has been taken and expanded at some pains to novel length by the laborious inclusion of inconsequential minutiæ. His theme is great enough—the aimlessness and hopelessness of Europe since the conflict, its lack of moral fibre and stability. All Europe seems to be saying, "What's the use?", and we are invited to inspect in detail the acts and attitudes of some who have been

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parted from their former grandeur by the war, to the end that we form some conclusion about the results of the late holocaust. It is difficult to sympathize, as Mr. Hichens apparently would have us do, with Russian nobility who, deprived of unearned and generally unmerited resources, are forced upon their own by Bolshevism. Here is a theme for a great book; Mr. Hichens has written it into a paltry incident of pseudo-romantic intrigue.

The noblewoman in the case, the Princess Anna Aranensky, instead of emulating her more admirable clansmen, who according to the press are seeking honest livelihoods in the Near East as waiters, chambermaids, manicurists, etc., has contented herself with living in a kind of sham luxury as a gilded derelict, in a smart Swiss hotel. She is "broke", but bluff and slowly accruing unpaid bills enable her to maintain life on the scale to which she has always been accustomed. Naturally a break must come sometimes, and the deus ex machina appears in the form of a sweetly optimistic British gentleman of middle age, who is successfully "vamped" by the lady to the tune of about thirty thousand dollars. The more heartless reader can only grin at this, when he reads that Derrick Merton left London for the Continent because he was bored and wanted something to kill his ennui. No doubt this swindle proved to impart the very thrill he wanted.

Mr. Merton, whose character is limned in a shadowy way by the author, manages to fall in love with the mysterious princess and is easily manœuvred into purchasing her rope of pearls, which naturally turn out to be false. The lady cashes his check and disappears into the Far East, bound for India in the company of a hazy red-bearded cave man, who we conjecture is either her husband or a religious fakir who has gained a hold on her Slavic mind. That is the tale, typical enough. O. Henry would have done it in 2,400 words; Mr. Hichens expands it to book length and takes the first five chapters to move the plot to the point where He and She meet and have a casual luncheon at the same table in a mountain inn.

If the spirit of the times is mainly lack of directness, decision, purpose, and efficiency, we wonder whether Mr. Hichens has not helped produce such an effect as much by shabby and hasty writing as by the presentation of detail. His prose is choppy and twisted in places; cumbersome phraseology and turbid thinking mark the first hundred pages especially. When he finally gets into his stride and reaches the big scenes, however, his old mastery comes forward again and he produces his effects swiftly and clearly. We grow really interested there, for his analysis of Merton's psychology when at length he confronts the princess and fails to denounce her, is worthy of a better novel.

A sharp bit of characterization, though in somewhat too high relief, is that of the Baroness Hausen, a Teuto-Russian companion of the princess. The baroness is flinty—cut-steel, embittered, and unnatured by her war experiences. We are not told just what these are, though various people in the tale hint at them darkly, so that we must assume that they were of the direst sort, to justify the adamantine baroness. As it is, she runs through the story like a dark thread, always in the background, tainting the atmosphere with her presence.

Most of the minor characters are mere devices to carry along the plot, mere manikins of necessity. The

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chief exception to this is the gentleman known as George Cockayne, deftly described as "a very shrewd man of the world", and friend to Merton. In a few brief scenes he lives before us as vividly as in a cinema. We may question his reputation for shrewdness, however, when we reflect that the principal evidence of that quality is his belief that one best avoids buying jewels from strangers—a caution most of us consider wisdom. That, and his uncanny knowledge that Switzerland is full of parasites and derelicts, appear to constitute his cleverness.

The Spirit of the Times. By Robert Hichens. George H. Doran Company.

LAND-LOCKED SHIPS

By Clement Wood

IT did not need this volume to make David Morton one of the old familiar voices in the poetic chorus. The unpublished collection won one of the three 1919 Lyric Society prizes; individual poems have received the annual awards of the Poetry Society of America and of "Contemporary Verse", have starred the anthologies, and stirred the lovers of poetry to cordial admiration. Mr. Morton is surely one of the leading sonnetteers writing today. He steers clear between the stagnant sargasso sea of stale verbiage, precious to the amaranth-asphodel tribe of poetlings, and the treacherous breakers of rough-hewed modernisms, painful in more adventurous lyric sufferers.

His fault is an innate limitation in poetic attitude. His work is fragile, unemotional, dehumanized: life seen at dusk through a rose-window. Exquisite placidity of phrasing is always his, until it becomes a trademark, a monotony, a hurt. We gasp at the twilight loveliness of lines like:

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
  A weightless cargo in the musty hold,
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
  Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.

They have remembered islands in the dawn,
  And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
The tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
  And calm, blue nights of stillness and the stars.

He is most at home in his imaginative voyagings with land-locked ships; few of the other lyrics attain the dreamy splendor of these vistas of sea-voyagers in haven. "Transfiguration" and too many of its brothers are exquisite retellings of ideas and attitudes ancient as man's wonder at the Pleiades. There is no imitation; the old voices have been heard reverently, and their message altered. Only once or twice the rude jostle, the sudden darkness of the squall, the crash of the snapping spars, the horrid keen stab of unglossed reality tears through the delicate fabric, and we have:

But here: "Reported missing"...the type fails,
The column breaks for white and angry seas,
  The jagged spars thrust through, and flapping sails,
Flagging farewells to wind and sky and shore,
Arrive at silent ports, and leave no more.

There is fresh human vision in "The Schoolboy Reads His Iliad" and "In a Girls' School", but the Olympic serenity is still here. The poet, to put it another way, thinks best of life today when it seems to him to be kin to what he thinks life was in ancient Troy,—the illusion of the "golden past". The reality of ancient cities was a blend of adulteries, meannesses, filth; today has bettered this. Mr. Morton's rank as a lyricist is high indeed; but too much unsuffering is insufferable. If

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only his soul could meet a discourteous tornado! He looks through magic casements; but they open on the foam of seas more placid than life grants.

Ships in Harbour. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A GOLF CHAMPION'S NARRATIVE

By Ben Miller

THE wide world that follows the royal and ancient pastime, knows Chick Evans the golfer; only his friends know the man.

All golfdom should read this chronicle by one of its brightest stars. Here is no stale and unprofitable book on how to play golf, though a few pages at the end of the book are given to describing his golf shots. The main part of the book is autobiography. In simple phrase, with candor almost pathetic, it sets forth the childhood, youth, and early manhood of a lovable personality. The early environment, boyhood days, and first contact with golf are dwelt upon—the frankness and naïveté here are charming. There is no attempt at style but one catches something of the flavor of "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn" in these pages.

Evans was only eight years old when he first saw the game played and began caddying at the old Edgewater Club in Chicago. At sixteen years of age he gave up caddying to preserve his standing as an amateur. The lure of the links was strong upon this boy from the beginning, and his passion for the game and natural gift soon won him success. He came into national prominence at the age of nineteen by winning the western championship in 1909; since this event he has been in the forefront of American golf. His greatest success was achieved in 1916, when he won both the national amateur and the open championships of the United States.

Two chapters of his book deal with the golf matches for the Red Cross fund during the war, in which events he was the drawing card. He gave his time unsparingly, traveling many thousands of miles to engage in these exhibition matches, by which three hundred thousand dollars were raised for the Red Cross work.

Few other men in the public view have such a host of friends as has Chick Evans. And their friendship is founded on solid worth, so unconsciously revealed in this modest narrative. Our golf hero is of refined and cultured parentage, and right well has he kept the faith.

Chick Evans' Golf Book. By Charles (Chick) Evans, Jr. Reilly and Lee.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THOSE who wish to maintain residence on this planet should learn by heart the facts presented by Will Irwin in "The Next War" (Dutton) and should never weary in stating them to those who will or who will not listen. Others had better emigrate to Mars or some such peaceful place straightway, because the "next war", when it occurs, will be one practically of extermination. For Mr. Irwin's facts are true—quite true. No one is more at home with his facts than he. Logically, relentlessly, entirely without sentiment or moralizing, he presents that picture until you are ready to agree that the next war really wouldn't pay. It will begin, not where the world war left off, but with the addition of intervening years crammed with intensive research in the business of killing. Mr. Irwin considers the subject of war in general from an economic standpoint, its effect on the race and on its participants, and proves that it has no possible value. His is a powerful book because it crushes every militaristic argument and finally, in spite of those who say that war cannot be eradicated, proposes a practical way to eliminate it.

Hopalong Cassidy and his two confrères shoot accurately; all Mexicans are bad, and virtue always triumphs. "The Bar-20 Three" (McClurg) in these respects is a typical wild west story. But the marriageable heroes having found their mates in earlier books of the series, a love plot is missing. By this and by a palpably western dialogue the book is better than the average of the species. Despite the inevitableness of its triumphal ending Clarence E. Mulford's tale is always interesting.

The third volume of "Little Theater Classics" edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. (Little, Brown) contains four plays, all adaptations from well-known classics of the stage. The first, "Bushido", is merely an episode lifted from a great feudal drama by the Japanese playwright, Takeda. It is tragically dramatic and has been acted with success by the Washington Square Players. The second is a fairy tale from Peele's "Old Wife's Tale", while the third is made up from parts of Shakespeare's "Pericles". The last, "The Duchess of Pavy", is an adaptation from Ford's "Love's Sacrifice". All of them have been tested by amateur performers and found adequate to their rather special requirements. There are full stage directions and explanations.

In "Kaleema", Marion McClelland's first novel (Century), the author deals with a section of life which is always colorful and interesting to the mass of people fated to follow the drab occupations of butcher, baker, doctor, undertaker. Kaleema (who is the heroine, and not a patent medicine or a river in Darkest Africa) is the star of a cheap theatrical company playing "one night stands" in the blizzardy towns of North Dakota. The author knows the life she is portraying, and paints it as she has found it: the soot and slowness of local trains; the discomfort and chill of the small-town hotels; the tarnished tinsel of the the-

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atrical life; the expiring Camille getting into her shabby street clothes and haggling about her overdue salary with the harassed manager. Nor has she neglected to complete the picture. For she has sketched in the humor and the innate kindliness of the "just folks" beneath the tawdry finery.

During the recent critical years of our national history, few Americans in public life have been subjected to more vigorous verbal assaults than Henry Cabot Lodge. That the venerable senator has not hesitated to return the blows is matter of common knowledge. In view of this wordy battle, his essay "The Senate of the United States"—the first in the volume of that title (Scribner)—is piquantly interesting. Illuminating is Mr. Lodge's clean-cut review of the Senate's origin and rights. Jealous of its prerogatives, he clarifies many things, notably the League of Nations issue between Mr. Wilson and the upper legislative body.

The other outstanding features of the collection are Senator Lodge's splendid tribute to Theodore Roosevelt delivered before Congress on the occasion of the death of the ex-president and the Pilgrim Tercentenary address given at Plymouth last year. The purely literary essays are in Mr. Lodge's customary graceful style. They constitute the plea of an ardent champion of the classics for true culture and breadth of vision as opposed to mere utilitarian knowledge.

Carolyn Wells makes excellent use of spiritism and the ouija board in creating an atmosphere of tense mystery, yet she does not allow her story to leave, even for a moment, the realm of things explicable by the most mortal of us. "The Come Back" (Doran) is the story of a man who disappears in the Labrador wilds. In his youth a gypsy fortune teller had prophesied that he would some day go on a long journey and die a terrible death but would, in due course of time, return to his family. Of course, just as soon as you perceive that one of the first chapters is headed "The Prophecy", you know that the remaining chapters will be devoted to the fulfilment of that prophecy. But the explanation of that fulfilment will keep you guessing all the way through. Miss Wells is famous for her skilful manipulation of the mystery story and she certainly lives up to her reputation in "The Come Back".

Have you ever tried to wash a billy-goat with lye soap in a brook; or set a trap for crows in the corn; or gotten "turned around" half a mile from home, when it seemed in the middle of the forest? These are things that have not changed since Abraham Lincoln was a boy in Hodgensville one hundred years ago. "The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln" (Bobbs-Merrill), the story of Lincoln's early life in Larue county, was handed down by word of mouth from Lincoln's onetime playfellow, Austin Gollaher, to J. Rogers Gore, then (twenty-five years ago) a reporter on the Larue County "Herald", and by him preserved until the present day. Told in the matter-of-fact words of the old man, with direct conversation and with photographs, it nevertheless reads like a fairy tale in its remoteness from daily life in New York. Precious, new-discovered bits of information abound. As a text for historical research the Gollaher-Gore manuscript would perhaps be of doubtful value; as a treasury of knowledge about the silent years between Lincoln's birth and his

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appearance in the Springfield law office, its importance is profound, and the enchantment of it lingers.

"The Kingdom Round the Corner" by Coningsby Dawson (Cosmopolitan) is really not so bad as the publisher's notices would lead you to expect, though it is concerned with a search for happiness which you fear must inevitably arrive. The author evidences considerable restraint and insight and accomplishes some bits of great charm until he muddles things at the end. There is no moral law to prevent an author's marrying three heroines to three worthy men. Contrariwise. But it makes the cheery note of the bluebird sound somewhat shrill.

Viola C. White's first volume of poems, "Horizons" (Yale), has in it something which many first volumes lack: thoughtful work boldly done, lacking finish at times, but strong enough to assure the reader that Miss White is a poet—no mere dabbler in verse forms. She has learned much from the Greeks, and from Keats, Blake, and Browning, who have taught her a certain daring and the ability to use fine phrases in memorable ways; but she has her own originality, and her own philosophical flavor. She is not a poet of passing moods and emotions, and her success lies not in lyrics but rather in the longer and more reflective poems that give space for her thoughts and the opportunity to use her excellent descriptive phrases. Her work suggests that she has much to say, and that it will become clearer and more focused as her style develops. In this book she makes a worthy and pleasing beginning.

A New York millionaire's pursuit of an historic diamond necklace, the love affair of a Red Cross nurse who was thirsting for adventure, and the experiment in piracy of a handsome art dealer who wanted to hunt pearls, are matters which Harold MacGrath juggles with practised skill in "The Pagan Madonna" (Doubleday, Page). The story is frankly intended for those readers who love the romantic lure of south seas, Spanish galleons, and the ends of rainbows. Fate, the Blind Madonna of the Pagan, aids the author in assembling his characters on the millionaire's yacht anchored off the coast of China. Perhaps the diamond necklace is there, also. Only time will tell. With the Byronic art dealer in charge of the "planted" crew, the owner of the yacht, his estranged son, and the nurse as prisoners, the craft sails forth into the oily calm of tropic seas, and romance and mystery walk the deck under the low-hung stars.

A pike does not sound like an alluring heroine for a book. But in "Grim: The Story of a Pike", translated from the Danish of Svend Fleuron by Jessie Muir and W. Emmé (Knopf), we find a great deal of personality and individuality in that cold-blooded lady fish. This simple yet dramatic tale of her life makes us smile over her vices and rejoice over her victories and her clever escapes. "Her scales gleamed with the rays of the sun and moon; and when, with the rapidity of lightning, she made a dart, it seemed like the twinkling of stars in the dark night of the deep waters." To be sure, "many a happy bridegroom had slipped down her throat"; but does anyone quite frown on Cleopatra? Dorothy P. Lathrop has drawn excellent illustrations for a book far out of the ordinary.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in July in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
4.	Galusha the Magnificent	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5.	The Kingdom Round the Corner	*Coningsby Dawson*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	The Shield of Silence	*Margaret E. H. Ruffin*	BENZINGER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Kingdom Round the Corner	*Coningsby Dawson*	COSMOPOLITAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
6.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
4.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
6.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

WESTERN STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Rose Dawn	*Stewart Edward White*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Enchanted Canyon	*Honoré Willsie*	STOKES
4.	Growth of the Soil	*Knut Hamsun*	KNOPF
5.	Sister Sue	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	What Really Happened at Paris	*Edward Mandell House*	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	The Days Before Yesterday	*Frederic Hamilton*	DORAN
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Postwar Tendencies in French Literature

ONE day, during the Paris Commune of 1871, César Franck was writing music in his room when a sudden shooting made the air tremble. The regular troops were overpowering the communists and storming the city. César Franck went to the window, shut it with a gesture of impatience, and murmured, "It's too bad that a man cannot do his work in peace...." Then he went back to his table. That a battle might affect the inspiration of a prelude, a choral, or a fugue, did not occur to him.

Thought and violence do not develop on the same plane. So we must not be surprised if those men who had something to say in 1914, and were brutally torn away from their work by an armed invasion, have very much the same things to say today. The styles of Claudel, of Vildrac, or of Giraudoux have evolved probably less than they would have in six years of peace and literary concentration. War alone has not announced one great artist. A scientist, prominent in medical research, tells me that war has not even led to one great step in surgery. How could it fertilize literature? Our major artists have generally written their minor works about it. The only major work was accomplished by our soldiers—and as yet no commentary has been adequate.

Peace, and the new problems which are crowding today before French independent minds, will determine a vivid production of political, sociological, and ethical writings, peculiarly significant because of the complex experiences of the French in the present years. Indirectly, this will react upon art and literature. But I shall not commit myself to prophecies. What we can examine today is the literary activity of these two years which have elapsed since the last gun was fired on French soil.

Living within French literary circles, it is not always easy to discern the leading and lasting tendencies. Every individual pretends to follow a direction of his own, and there is nothing to be compared to the nation-wide crystallizations of taste which regularly occur in America. The French are incoercibly different from each other, and that difference is their common characteristic. But viewed from a few thousand miles away, the principal modern tendencies can be brought down to three. First, the traditionalist and conservative, which is embodied in the French Academy, and has as its aim the preserving and cultivating of the classical qualities of the past national literature. Then the super-intelligent, refining, ambitious, musical, and esoteric art of the symbolists, with all those who proceed from Rimbaud, Laforgue, and Mallarmé. Finally the wide, social, human trend of inspiration, exemplified in poetry by the followers of Verhaeren and indirect disciples of Walt Whitman.

Before the war, these three tendencies were decidedly, angrily excluding each other. What may be the characteristic in postwar French literature is their reconciliation and in-

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terweaving, for the production of new harmonies.

Ten years ago, the post-symbolist called the traditionalist an uncomprehending schoolmaster, the unanimist called the symbolist a hair-splitter, the academician regarded them both as dangerous maniacs who were jeopardizing the pure treasure of tradition. After hearing them all, one felt literature was divided among politicians, alchemists, and the dead.

Today, those who lead realize the limitations of academism, of verbal refinement, and of mass-inspiration. They try to combine the resources of these various orders, to sum up their possibilities, and as a reward, a new territory appears before them.

That new alliance of virtues hitherto unrelated and supposed to be contradictory, needs one quality above all —it needs intelligence. And French writers of the younger generation seem to consider intelligence as preeminent, before technique or sensibility (these two, of course, are taken for granted).

André Gide, who is responsible for the formulation of a good part of the young men's credo, wrote a few weeks ago that "in France, and in France only, intelligence always tends to get the best of sentiment or instinct". It also gets the best of the very rules it has imposed upon itself. No people are more critical of their *own* creeds, whether in literature or in politics.

This leads us to an hypothesis. The twentieth century, in France, may resemble her eighteenth and sixteenth (in England the seventeenth, in Italy the fifteenth) when intelligence was so high, so universal, and so free, rather than the French seventeenth, when our genius was brilliantly shut in upon itself and crystallized in but one of its aspects. I have always preferred the age of the French Renaissance and the religious wars, of Montaigne and Rabelais, to the *Grand Siècle* itself, and perhaps I am taking my wishes for reality in seeing in this new period the same qualities as in that feverish, many-sided, violent, luxurious, mystical, and above all clear-minded epoch.

Within each literary group, the leading writer of today is no longer the strongest exponent of the group doctrine. He is the one who most powerfully or cleverly joins that doctrine to some deeper and wider current, giving the group a more universal justification. Thus unanimists are turning to Luc Durtain[1]. The lovers of classical perfection, of word magic and such forgotten lore, to Paul Valéry[2].

A young prophet of the new times, Henri Franck[3], died too soon to have his clear and passionate visions fulfilled. But Valéry Larbaud[4], André Salmon[5], men of manifold forces dominated by intelligence, have developed fertile relations between formerly unconnected resources.

It is not the men who too easily realized some kind of unity in themselves, who are the leaders in literary art today. It is, strangely enough, the men who could not bring themselves to unity, who seem to express better a period in which there is no such thing as unity. Drieu la Rochelle[6], Blaise Cendrars, Paul Morand, at different depths, are exploiting the whole world as their mine, and bringing the new ore to the surface. They are not satisfied with a fulfilment that would be only "subjective", or "collective", or

[1]Le Retour des Hommes, Face à Face, etc.
[2]Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci, Odes, etc.
[3]La Danse devant l'Arche.
[4]Barnabooth, Enfantines.
[5]Prikaz, Manuscrit Trouvé dans un Chapeau, etc.
[6]Interrogation, Fond de Cantine.

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just verbal. They grapple with everything coming within their reach. Their senses of logic, of taste, of power, of love are wideawake at the same time. And no longer can a writer be recognized who obtains greatness by sacrificing everything in every direction save one. That type of genius is now extinct.

France has had a revival of the adventure novel, of which Pierre Mac Orlan[7] is perhaps the most successful exponent, being an unusual product of irony, sensuality, and erudition. But the demand for adventure is *not* an outcome of the war, as is generally believed. (Jacques Rivière announced that revival in two remarkable articles in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" in 1914.) It is, rather, a desire for escape from narrow and self-centred formulæ, a desire to see all resources of literature at play in the same work. It is the wish for a field wide enough for every experiment, and the meeting in one and the same book of qualities which had always been cultivated separately, as if they implied a contradiction to each other—for action with analysis, geographic precision, with the quaintness of the unexplained.

I have said that war did not affect literary art, except in suspending literary work—or in ending the life of the writer. If that is influence, then of course war had a very great influence on literature. Still, I feel that I am not doing justice to those who tried, in some grave, quasi-religious manner, to voice the teaching that war had brought. A teaching which is contained in so few words! I think of Jules Romains in "Europe", of Durtain's invocation to the American dead on the battlefields, transcending the meaning of their now everlasting presence in French earth—

[7]Le Chant de l'Equipage, etc.

...O dead men from the worlds, will you not meet each other under the ground?
Too many origins and spaces have met in our soil
for it to stay limited and closed
belonging only to itself.

O dead men from the worlds, in this Europe
You have not finished your task...

There is a form of postwar inspiration which gave existence to fragments that are bitter and short as prayers for the unredeemed.

But are they "literature"?

PIERRE DE LANUX

In Remnant Austria

IT is peculiar about Austria. She has produced some of the most illustrious writers in German literature. A country that can boast of Walther von der Vogelweide, Franz Grillparzer, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal has no reason to fear comparison with the best. Yet there is no history of Austrian literature that is even remotely adequate. The subjects of the Dual Monarchy have allowed their more grasping brothers farther north to gobble up their creative writers and set them down in their histories of "German" literature irrespective of where they were born and solely because they wrote in German. But Arthur Schnitzler is as unthinkable in Berlin as Frank Wedekind would have been in Vienna. We appreciate the fact that "The Gentleman from Indiana" was written by a native of Indianapolis and that the author of "Beau Brummel" was born in Elmira. Tell me where you come from and I will have got a line on your literature.

The Austrians have of course known this without taking full advantage of it. There is evidence now that, having been reduced from a mighty monarchy of sixty million souls to a real-

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istic republic of six million, they are beginning to realize that it pays to honor native talent. For on Sunday, June 26, they unveiled in the City Park of Vienna a monument to Johann Strauss the "Waltz King", composer of "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" and approximately five hundred other pieces of dance music to which more people have danced than to the works of any other composer.

Let us clear the decks then for remnant Austria despite the fact that other seemingly more important events have recently taken place in Europe. Let us forget, for the time being, that Mascagni and D'Annunzio have joined forces in the writing of a gigantic opera after the fashion of Richard Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" and based on Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered", that Oswald Spengler has brought out the second volume of his "Downfall of the Occident" under the title of "Cosmo-Historical Perspectives", that Gabriele Reuter has written a charming account of how she first became acquainted with Nietzsche, that Jean Dornis has just published a volume on the great poets of the war under the title of "Hommes d'Action et de Rêve", that Hermann Sudermann's new dramatic trilogy entitled "Das deutsche Schicksal" and dealing with Germany during the war has been vigorously endorsed by the unprejudiced, that Maurice Maeterlinck has finished his "Le grand Secret"—let us forget all these bookish events in favor of Johann Strauss whom Richard Wagner himself dubbed the "Waltz King" and at the performance of whose works no less an artist than Johannes Brahms—whom Wagner loathed—never failed to be present if humanly possible.

But Johann Strauss (1825-1899) did not write books. Why give him space then in a magazine devoted to books? He did not dance, either, incredible as it may sound. But his whole life was an *Aufforderung zum Tanz* and millions of couples have responded. Consequently, he has been more written about in the Austrian press this summer than any other one man. He has become a literary subject just as he did in 1895 when the world celebrated his seventieth birthday. His life is the best of proof that if you wish to attain immortality you have to appeal directly to the masses or shoot clear over their heads, after the fashion of Dante.

As to the monument itself, we may be quite brief. The work of Edmund Hellmer, it represents Strauss standing, his violin under his chin, his body leaning slightly forward, his right shoulder raised, his left leg to the fore —you know that dance music is in the air. At the unveiling numerous addresses were made until the time came to lower the curtain. While this was being done, the great symphony orchestra of Vienna, under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, played the "Blue Danube" waltz and Austria, represented by thousands of her children, wept or rejoiced depending upon individual temperament.

As to the waltz, pagan Goethe tells in his "Sufferings of Werther" (1774) how he took an oath the first time he danced one. Victor Hugo, certainly not a prude, derided it (1830) as inimical alike to health and morals. Alfred de Musset could not see how a man could take a woman in his arms, swing around, and remain demure. Even Lord Byron wrote his "The Waltz" in which he made some rather strong remarks concerning this form of social amusement. When, in short, the waltz first became fashionable, and Vienna was the place, it evoked such

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exclamations as "Shocking", "Quelle Horreur", "Unerhört", depending upon the mother-tongue of the indignant speaker. And today—!

Vienna has had still another spiritual rebirth: Rabindranath Tagore has been there and delivered an address. He himself said that no other country had given him such a reception. Whether he spoke English or Bengalese, but few understood his words while all seemed to grasp his message. The Austrians have made the following comment: we thought until the war ended that we were the chosen people of Europe. Now we see our fatal error. Here comes a man from hitherto unesteemed India with a message that contains no really new truth and yet we bow before him and adore him for what he said. He spoke of love and justice. It reminds us of the Holy Grail from which radiated both love and justice, and Parsifal's connection with it. And the legend says that it was eventually translated from arrogant and unbelieving Europe to India by the angels. Tagore was translated from Prague to Paris by an airship.

It is an ingenious interpretation of Tagore's visit. The Austrians have long been noted for their ability to sense the finer spiritual meaning of things. In a book just published in Paris, by Marcel Dunan, entitled quite simply "L'Autriche", the author gives an account of Austria as only a Frenchman can. After commenting on her history, commerce, natural resources, and present political status, he goes over to her art, science, and literature. Monsieur Dunan is neither a chauvinist after the fashion of Maurice Barrès nor a world spirit to the liking of Romain Rolland. He is just a Frenchman. And after studying Austria old and new he concludes with a plea for Austrian as contrasted with German literature. It is a great plea and highly suggestive. A good history of Austrian literature would be beneficial today even to the inter-Allied politicians.

And Austria, that is, Vienna, has just gone through a great grief. Thaddäus Rittner, novelist and dramatist, forty-eight years old on May 21, is dead. Though a Pole by birth, he came to Vienna when quite young and, like Bauernfeld and Grillparzer, secured a position as government clerk. We have heard very little about him in this country for the reason, possibly, that he belonged to the school of Hofmannsthal and Schnitzler and was outshadowed by them. But his dramas, now realistic now romantic, have for years constituted an important part of the German-speaking stage and his novels have been widely read. He is said to have been one of the "finest men" that ever lived in the Austrian capital, reminding somewhat of Chopin in his personality and of Hans Christian Andersen in his feeling for the purely spiritual. His "Little Home", "Garden of Youth", and "Tragedy of Eumenes" are three of his best-known works. The man bore a certain resemblance to Clyde Fitch.

Vienna is a city of theatres the chief of which is the Burgtheater with a long and illustrious history, attended in its time by thousands of Americans who have come away edified and grateful. About a year ago a change in the management was made necessary and for a while it seemed that Max Reinhardt would be given the post. The government however wisely decided that Maestro Reinhardt was not the man for the place and Anton Wildgans was appointed. Herr Wildgans called the reporters around him the other day and told them of his plans for the

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coming season. Aside from the old standbys without which a great European theatre is unthinkable, here are the novelties that will be played for the first time at the Burg: "Der Schneesturm", a tragedy by Otto Zoff; "Platz", a drama by Fritz von Unruh written during the war but impossible then because of its political teachings; "Himmel und Hölle", a tragedy by Paul Kornfeld that has been a sensation in Germany; "Spiegelmensch", a trilogy by Franz Werfel who is regarded as one of the most conspicuous figures in modern European literature (this drama is to be reviewed shortly in a New York magazine); "Kain", a mythical poem by Director Wildgans, and von Hofmannsthal's "Elektra".

Among classical works that will be performed for the first time at the Burg, however frequently they may have been given elsewhere, are: Heinrich von Kleist's "Penthesilea"; Goethe's "Stella"; "Coriolanus" and "The Winter's Tale" by Shakespeare; "Don Carlos", "Die Räuber", and "Maria Stuart" by Schiller; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise", Grillparzer's "Jüdin von Toledo", and Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac".

And finally there are five plays that will be given in new setting: Thaddäus Rittner's "Tragödie des Eumenes" and "Garten der Jugend", Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar", Goethe's "Die natürliche Tochter", and Schnitzler's "Der einsame Weg".

These are a few of the plays that will be given in Austria's greatest theatre during the first half of the coming season. Never in her history did New York have such a program to anticipate. Europe has dubbed Austria "the impossible state". Politically the soubriquet may be correct. But to compete even with remnant Austria on an æsthetic basis is a gigantic undertaking.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

DANTE—1921

By Charles R. Murphy

OVER the vaults of pain and ice of our despair,
In the green high forest where our hopes are new,
In our place of prayer and dreaming where an angel
Might still its wings before the face of beauty,
There sings a voice of victory and battle;
It is the voice of one who from deep earth emerging
Through darkness became the lover of light;
A pilgrim who found the light of faces in a star
Because he, living, loved a woman, dead—
And, from her lapsing, placed her with God
For the sureness of her keeping—
And who made the journey thither
And almost remembered what he saw.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Ben Hecht

Chicago seems to us so cordial a town that even the policemen's whistles have a coquettish tone! We found that we remembered very little from our seven-year-old residence but the general aspect of Lake Shore Drive and the green beauty of Lincoln Park. It's a good town, and so are the folk in it, particularly the literary folk. We were astonished to find John V. A. Weaver at Lake Forest, in a light grey golf suit, collecting the bon mots of débutantes at a beach party. By the way—an amazing thing—the Chicago flapper has given up the painting of batik and ornamental lampshades, and has taken to the writing of novels. One young lady who wore long pendant earrings and short green dresses is said to have attempted to rival the wisdom of a Shaw or a Wilde. Her conversation was appallingly difficult. This is a new variety of dancing partner. But it doesn't seem to make any difference how brilliant she may be; we step gaily on her feet just the same. The Chicago "Daily News" is even a more remarkable spot to spend an afternoon than Lake Forest. Think of it! Keith Preston, Henry J. Smith, Harry Hansen, Tubman K. Hedrick, Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg—and more geniuses probably kept hid in some waste basket. Harry Hansen is as quiet in regard to his own exploits as ever. I always have a suspicion that there is a novel somewhere in the back of Harry's desk—but he doesn't tell you about it. Henry J. Smith is that almost impossible combination, a city editor who writes and is interested in literature. A book of Hedrick's verses is to appear this fall, as is also Keith's "Splinters". Keith still springs a new joke with a sly and not always repeatable twist every half second. Llewellyn Jones of the "Post", Genevieve Forbes of the "Tribune", jolly all of them. J. B. McEvoy of Volland's, the Reillys of Reilly and Lee, Quin A. Ryan (short, round, and most sociable)—they're jolly too. In fact, we are inclined to think that Chicago is the most jovial city in the world, and the warmest. But they have ice-cooled air in the moving pictures. The most distinguished of motion picture critics—none other than Carl Sandburg—took us to see the screen version of Donn Byrne's "Foolish Matrons". We humbly watched the picture with one eye, and the poet with the other, as he made careful notes on just why he liked or didn't like spots in this rather unusual performance. We liked Sandburg even better in his native surroundings—we found him more fascinating when he stopped us in mid-street, his coat off and flung over one shoulder, and explained the history of some great dark building which seemed, like Chicago and like himself, homely and yet eloquent of what growth and toil and progress. At last, we met Ben Hecht—met him in his armchair, trying to persuade a golden-haired daughter to sleep in spite of the heat, listened captivated to his stories and his analysis of people and things, while the most nice Mrs. Hecht played Russian music on the piano, which we weren't supposed to

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hear but did—and enjoyed hugely. Hecht is agile, dark, slightly foreign in appearance. At times he is almost vitriolic in his conversation. After you've heard an hour of his talk, dramatized, vivid, planned probably and oh! so well planned, you can have little doubt as to whether or not you will read his first novel, "Erik Dorn". He's now working on another, "Gargoyles", which is to be filled, he tells us, with the sort of analysis that is usually done with the surgeon's scalpel. We found ourselves dizzy after an evening of this, but Gene Markey, rejoicing that his musical comedy written with Harrison Rhodes is to feature Charlotte Greenwood next season, drove us back to town. We rode along the drive (and were little short of arrested by a jovial policeman who entertained us, instead, with salacious stories) where only the day before we had strolled with Harriet Monroe while she told us of the habits of the beach bathers in a most entertaining manner. We had always been afraid of Miss Monroe—and we aren't any more. We saw her playing mother to a flock of nice young poets and we appreciate more than ever what she has done and is trying to do for American poetry. The assistant editor of "Poetry" is said to be coming to New York City. It is too good to believe, even though she told us so herself. She has sold several short stories of which she is apparently not proud, and is quite as charming as ever, though she didn't favor us by wearing an orange hat. We were disappointed not to meet Henry Kitchell Webster, about whom we have heard so much but whose works we have yet the pleasure to read. However, we hear that he spent two weeks last summer with the circus, gathering material, so we know that we'd like him. He's a man after our own heart. By the way, we hear from Roscoe Peacock, the magazine man, that Pat Valdo, the great clown, still remembers us. We are deeply honored. Few men in the world do we respect more than Valdo, the boomerang thrower, the bookish clown. The literary consciousness and pride of Chicago is an inspiration. It seems to us that it is by just such a worship of local literary figures that the best writing can come from our many communities and centres. This is the sort of statement that H. L. Mencken would probably drop on with both feet, perhaps rightly so, yet as long as the various communities don't worship the *wrong* heroes, Mr. Mencken, why not? We had a good ramble among the Chicago bookshops and we want to talk about them later —of Mrs. Hahner and Miss Rice, of Will Solle, Mr. Kroch, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, of Fanny Butcher whom we didn't see, and of Katherine Sproehnle whom we did. However, the Gossip overreaches himself, and must desist.

Harriet Monroe

Keith Preston

Brock Pemberton has just come back from London and Paris with many amusing comments on the theatrical conditions there. He tells us that he didn't buy any plays; but he collected a lot of atmosphere. We think that Mr. Pemberton, who still looks like a good newspaper man even

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though he has become a successful theatrical manager, is just about the most promising thing in our theatre. He claims that he'll never produce a play unless it amounts to something as a play,—and we hope that he'll live up to his resolve. The most interesting thing he saw while abroad, it seems, was the oddly grotesque and fanciful Chauve-Souris, a Russian vaudeville-dance-pantomime combination, with a sort of Russian Irvin Cobb named Nikita Batriff, as the interlocutor à la Hitchcock of the show. This is colorful and original. It is rumored that Morris Gest will bring it to America. Personally, however, we were so interested to hear news of Sidney Howard's play "Swords", that we didn't half take in what Mr. Pemberton had to say of English plays and the outlandish Swedish ballet. "Swords" is a mediæval melodrama in which Mr. Pemberton is presenting Clare Eames shortly. Bobby Jones has done the scenery. Sid Howard is already well known to BOOKMAN readers and we are very happy, because we've read this play and we can't wait to see the third act. It's great stuff, we think. It outjests "The Jest". When we saw Mr. Pemberton he was filled with anecdotes of Howard in London, Howard in Venice, Howard, the carefree young globe-trotter; but, where is Howard? His play going into rehearsal, and no author! On our desk is a letter. The stamps are Spanish. "Having one last fling in Madrid," it reads. "But I'll be back when you get this!"—only he isn't. However—the combination of Pemberton, Howard, Clare Eames, and an Italian melodrama that shivers the timbers seems unbeatable. We're willing to bet on "Swords", as much as anyone can ever bet on a play before it's put on, and we wish Mr. Howard Godspeed for his first New York production, and Mr. Pemberton success for his second season in the theatre.

One of the most unusual magazines issued in America is Bernhardt Wall's "Etched Monthly". Some idea of its sumptuousness can be gathered from the price of one subscription, which is fifty dollars a year. Both the subject matter and the illustrations are etched by Mr. Wall on rich paper, with a touch that is delightfully individual. In the May number we liked particularly his portrait of Joyce Kilmer, his picture of the Poe Cottage, and a most engaging and informal bit of a hansom cab. Scarcely a page of this magazine but tempts framing, save for the fact that as a whole it is so distinctive and rare. It is issued from James F. Drake's rare book shop.

It is interesting to find in the announcement of lectures at the Fabian Summer School, Godalming, Surrey, England, that along with J. D. Beresford, Robert Lynd, H. W. Nevinson, A. Clutton-Brock, and Gerald Gould, Mary Austin delivered a lecture, on August fourth, on "Social Life and the Community Theatre in America". We should have liked to step into the auditorium at Prior's Field to hear what she had to say, and what the Fabian audience thought of it. However, when all America seems to be running to Europe, someone must stay at home. Guess we're elected.

If Sinclair Lewis stays in Europe long enough, what legends will not grow up about him? How quickly we make and break our heroes! We saw Jack Johnson in a box at the theatre the other evening, and the crowd neither cheered him nor mobbed him.

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However, here's a rather delightful letter from Marion Kells; only it reminds us of when we were red-headed, too, and were called "red-head ginger bread" and chased home from school because a thoughtless family had provided us with a too elaborate "dicer". Still, knowing "Red" Lewis now, it's a bit hard to believe that he never played baseball! "Going out from Seattle to the coal-sooted town of Issaquah", Miss Kells writes, "the conversation of the mine doctor and his wife, crowded next to us in the stage, was overheard." Thus:

"Got a new book today, Dad,—written by a man from your home town."

"What book's that?"

"'Main Street', by Sinclair Lewis. Everybody's talking about it."

"What! Doc Lewis's son from Sauk Centre —Doodle Lewis?"

"Yes, do you remember him?"

"Do I? He was in my class—sat in the next seat from me."

"What sort of fellow was he? Would you ever think he'd do anything famous?"

"I should say not—red-headed, lanky fellow —always slumped down in his seat—didn't seem to see what was going on about him. Everybody knew him, but you couldn't say he had any friends—didn't seem to care for any. Kids shouted, 'Here comes Doodles! Hello, Doodles!' whenever he appeared. He never took any interest in marbles or ball, or any of the things we other fellows did."

The doctor laughed—"One funny thing about him—used to go around repeating parts of Greek plays and old myths to himself, in an heroic tone. Let's see that book. I bet Doodles put the old town on the map."

Lord Northcliffe has been among us, or rather has flitted past us, delighting in travel, hustling from London to the Pacific to study Japan and Australia "at first hand", as he puts it. He left London on July 16 and by August 6 he was steaming out of Burrard Inlet on his way to Honolulu. From the moment the liner in which he crossed the Atlantic hove in sight he was besieged by interviewers, in true American fashion, and bombarded with the most inconsequent queries on topics ranging from Ireland through women's dress to Zionism. It was natural for newspaper men to pay much attention to a prince of their kind, and Lord Northcliffe is certainly that. Moreover, he appeared to enjoy it all, as M. Perrichon would have done. But there was little time for anything else but interviews, so that his passage resembled in state somewhat that of the prince of Wales, for example, without the genuine glamour. He played golf at New Rochelle with his New York correspondent; Melville Stone gave a dinner for him; and for most of one day he stood in a suite in the Hotel Gotham to receive, chiefly, "young writers". Among these proved to be Clinton Tyler Brainard, Joseph Medill Patterson, James Watson Gerard, William Waller Hawkins, a deputation of women from the Columbia School of Journalism, and a man desirous of parting with 150,000 acres of timber for paper pulp. And then he was off to Toronto and the west, via Washington, a small hat perched as ever on his large head (without a grey hair at fifty-six), something aquiline in his large-cheeked face and leonine in his big body, trailing behind him H. Wickham Steed, editor of the London "Times", who looked with imperial beard like the villain of an Oppenheim romance, pleased to be dragged abruptly from his desk to go a-globe-trotting, that most agreeable if exhausting of study-pastimes.

There was an excellent series of lectures at Columbia University this summer on the aspects of modern literature. The novel was represented by Zona Gale, very bored but with the efficient air one recognizes in the reporter. Robert Frost was supposed to

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talk about poetry but spent an hour in dodging his subject gracefully (John Erskine, looking very much like a modern rum-runner with a rakish mop of court-plaster on his chin, introduced Mr. Frost). Augustus Thomas was there to see that the drama was not neglected—very august was he indeed (he said he read the reviews and his family liked "Liliom"). Samuel McChord Crothers came in a new suit, very proud to be the preacher in the same church where Emerson held forth. Edwin Lefevre spoke on the short story and convinced everybody he was a stock broker. John L. Lowes spoke on mediævalism, and couldn't escape looking and talking like Eames of "South Wind" fame. Brander Matthews—but you all know him: he looks like what John Farrar will look like when John Farrar looks like what Dr. Matthews is. Ellery Sedgwick came to tell us how good "The Atlantic" is, and all the girls thought he was a dear. There were many others, but ye dear ed. says we've said too much already.

Thomas A. Boyd imparts the following news (delightful to all versifiers): i. e., that St. Paul is the mecca for poets. It eats 'em up, apparently. When we visit St. Paul, we must turn poet, and wear a flowing tie or two, though Johnny Weaver has recently affirmed in his famous column that poets no longer look like poets and are simply human beings, and that we personally (God save the mark) look like "an undergraduate on a lark", whatever that may mean! However, it's fine to hear from St. Paul. If it's all true—it sounds pretty good.

A few days ago I was splashing around in the yellowish water (the same water that often becomes deep blue in the magazines) of one of the small lakes that have made Minnesota famous, when the fact struck me that St. Paul prefers poets and poetry to novelists and novels. I should feel guilty indeed if I kept such a revolutionary bit of news from the many intelligent people who read your excellent magazine. I shall strive to prove my contention in this manner:

Laurence Curran Hodgson, our present mayor (God rist his sowl), was elected to the high office he now occupies by virtue of the poetry he has written. While "I write better poetry than my opponent" was not one of his campaign slogans, it might as well have been because it was through his verse that he so securely fastened himself in the hearts of his constituents.

Then there is Bob Cary, who has just returned from New York where he has been marketing his poems in the newspapers, "The Century", and Frank Harris's magazines. I believe he is better known in St. Paul than is Scott Fitzgerald, and yet Bob has never published a book in his life.

When Carl Sandburg was here last winter the Auditorium was packed to hear him. The press liberally devoted a half-column to his arrival and equal space to a report of his guitar-strumming and his folk songs. He was entertained fulsomely by "the right people", who thought his steel-rimmed spectacles and his queer motoring cap—though he never motors—"just the quaintest things imaginable".

But W. L. George came to St. Paul unheralded. After he had stopped at The Hotel for a few days without anyone apparently knowing it, he departed for our sister city, his dignified exit being singularly free from any newspaper oaf's questioning. To get even, no other reason is discernible, he praised Minneapolis's gawky flour barns as "reminding him of the mosques of Sancta Sofia".

Sinclair Lewis is sneered at or spoken of with bare tolerance by at least half of St. Paul's populace conversant with literature, though his delightful camaraderie has won him many friends.

Books of poetry that keep the shelves in our public library from looking lonely, are all marked "two week" or "seven day books". Is not that overwhelming enough?

Witter Bynner writes that he is coming to St. Paul in the fall. I predict there will not even be standing room, so eager will St. Paul be to hear him!

"If Winter Comes" is the first novel that A. S. M. Hutchinson has written since 1914. Now, however, his publishers tell us, he is already turning out another one. Well, if it's anything like "The Happy Warrior", we'll be glad to see it! Hutchinson was busy serving as an officer in France during the war. Before that his experiences

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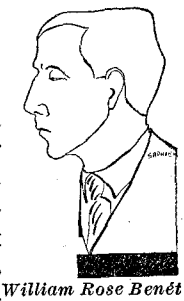
had been varied. He was born in India, the son of a British general, was a medical student, magazine editor, journalist, and novelist. Apparently, now that the war interval is over, he has settled down again to the serious business of story writing. We shall read the latest with much interest!

The Nebraska state legislature recently made John G. Neihardt state poet laureate. "This western poet", writes Elizabeth Palmer Milbank, "was born near Sharpsburg, Illinois, in 1881 and was reared in Missouri; but he was graduated from the Nebraska Normal School and in 1917 he had conferred upon him the Litt.D. degree by the University of Nebraska."

Neihardt, though the poet laureate of Nebraska, is at present living in the Ozark Hills of Missouri, getting atmosphere for a new book of poems. For seven years now he has been patiently and steadily working on his American Epic Cycle. This is to deal wholly with aspects of our western history during the first four decades of the nineteenth century, and all the scenes will be laid in the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. Neihardt once went the length of the Mississippi River in an open boat, and many of the experiences of this trip are pictured in his poetry. It will take this western poet more than a decade to complete his task. But there are many compensations for what seems to a very minor bard, an almost heroic dedication to the muse. One of them is that the Omaha Indians, among whom Neihardt has lived for years in order that he might learn their language and customs, have given him the affectionate name of "The Little Bull Buffalo". Think of being called anything so splendid by anyone!



William Rose Benét

This summer, the fashion in writer's workshops seems to be garages. We understand that William Rose Benét is putting the finishing touches on his novel in a galvanized iron heat-box at Scarsdale. This is because he's so popular with his three delightful children, whenever he is seen about the house. A nice domestic novelist. Then, just before he left town, Raymond Weaver told us that he was going to spend the summer in a garage —or was it a bungalow?—or is there much difference, anyway?—working on the last chapters of his biography of Herman Melville. We found Mr. Weaver in his room at Columbia University, surrounded by cards and card catalogues, busily writing. He told us that all his days had become just stretches of pen-wielding, broken only by the meal hour. The biography should be a delightful one, for it not only offers great possibilities for entertainment in the thrilling adventures of the wild author of "Moby Dick" but it gives a chance for a study of a remarkably rich and unusual personality. Weaver tells us that he has been poring over a considerable body of material, access to which has been granted by the Melville family: letters, journals, legal documents, a bulk of unpublished manuscripts. Of this last, there is a sea novel, finished in 1891, the year Melville died, a dozen sketches and sea stories, and two volumes of poetry. It should be a curious and fascinating addition to the growing literature of the South Seas.

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"The Greenwich Villager" is a new weekly newspaper issued from Frank Shay's Bookshop. It's a vivid little sheet—at least the first three numbers have been so. We called on the sandy-haired friend of Masefield and McFee last night, to find him, as usual, excited over the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay. He is to publish a book a month this year—at least a book a month! And his window displays continue to be original and entertaining.

We're not sure that we always agree with the editorial expositions of Frank's paper; but there's a lot to be said for Greenwich Village as a place of residence, in spite of Paul Elmer More and bobbed hair. Here's part of a comment Frank published in his first number defending the environs of Fourth Street against a bitter critic!

It is true that Greenwich Village is an anomaly. To the pseudo-artist it is a Sargassan Sea, a cess-pool of lost effort and alluring but unkept promises. To the sincere student of art or literature it is America's greatest proving ground, a place where ideas can be discussed and, if worth while, elaborated, and, if not worth while, jettisoned.

Let us get to the root of the lure of the Village. In all this great United States it is the only place a person can sport a stocking with a hole in the heel, and an idea. Elsewhere both are taboo.

The home town of Eddie Guest, Henry Aikman, Harold Waldo and others, is more than the centre of the automobile industry. True, it cannot yet be called a literary centre; but Kenneth Laub of the Detroit "News" has one of the best newspaper book sections in the country, and Mary Humphrey a very lively sheet in her Sunday Magazine of the "Free Press". Delightful offices they both have, with interesting people in them. Some of them more than interesting, in fact. Such splendid homes as Detroit newspapers have: mural panels, art departments fashioned after the manner of ancient print shops in Antwerp, and, will you believe it, the "News" is so extremely gorgeous and proper in what is said to be the finest newspaper building in the country, that the file room known by honest newspaper men as "The Morgue" has the new name of "Scraparium"! However, the conviviality of the force itself more than makes up for the formality of the housing. Eddie Guest is even jollier and more human than his very homely and fireside-like verse. He is short, gay, and bubbling over with cordiality. He took me down to meet the Reverend William L. Stidger in a Ford limousine that Mr. Ford gave him, and radiated energy and enthusiasm every inch of the way. It would be worth being a "popular" poet and selling a quarter of a million copies (thereby being sure that, like Martin F. Tupper, you will not go down to posterity), to be so genuine and honest and happy an individual as Eddie Guest. We like the Detroit Boat Club—but we can't tell stories of parties given for ourselves. However, we understand that the nice newspaper people of Detroit (and they certainly are nice), having met each other for the first time the other evening at a certain dinner, are now going to form a press club. If they do, we'll consider that there's some reason for our living even in this impossible hot weather. In Detroit, too, was Jessie Bonstel with her stock company. We saw a performance of "Adam and Eva", with our own dramatic collaborator in the cast, and the thoroughly charming Sylvia Field as Eva. Why doesn't Miss Bonstel try a stock company in New York City? She always has wanted to do so, she tells us, and she thinks it would pay. Why doesn't someone find her a theatre? Everyone tells us that stock

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in New York is impossible. Why? When Detroit, Buffalo, Indianapolis jam their respective stock theatres in the warmest weather, why can't we have stock on Broadway? Well, we expect an inflooding of manuscripts from Detroit and if we don't get them we'll be seriously disappointed. Oh yes! We like the Institute of Fine Arts in Detroit, too—its French paintings particularly, and its cordial and youthful curator, Mr. Poland. Detroit book stores?—well, more later; but, here's many many thanks to that exceedingly gay lady, Mary Humphrey. Also, in passing, Detroit is justly proud of "Zell" and looking for more things from Henry Aikman. While the town of Birmingham claims Harold Waldo with a display window of "Stash" and a blurb about the hometown author.

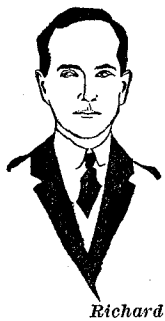
Hazel Hall of Portland, Oregon, author of "Curtains", a book of poems, is a shut-in. But from her wheelchair she probably has a wider outlook on life than many a person who is able to get about. During the past two or three years her poems have appeared in "The Century", "Harper's", "The Dial", "The Nation", "Poet Lore", "The Yale Review", and other magazines. And the first number of "The Measure" contained a contribution from her. William Stanley Braithwaite selected three of Miss Hall's poems for his anthology of magazine verse for 1920. We quote "Blossom Time", which gives a good idea of the beauty of conception and the light and airy quality of her verse:

So long as there is April
  My heart is high
Lifting up its white dreams
  To the sky.

As trees hold up their blossoms
  In a blowing cloud
My hands are reaching
  My hands are proud.

All the crumbled splendors
  Of autumn and the cries
Of winds that I remember
  Cannot make me wise.

Like the trees of April
  Fearless and fair
My heart swings its censors
  Through the golden air.



Richard Washburn Child

Richard Washburn Child bears the title, Honorable, and is even now in Italy where he is the new American Ambassador. We have seldom seen (or felt) a warmer evening than that which John O'Hara Cosgrave provided for the dinner given by writers and editors to Mr. Child a few nights before he sailed. However, the refreshments were excellent, and Mr. Child urbane, pleased, and apparently looking forward with zest to undertaking the charming of Italy. We saw Harvey O'Higgins for the first time and admired him for his courage in wearing a palm beach suit, or was it black and white checked? He is a gay person, with a nice laugh. Edgar Sisson of "McClure's Magazine" talked about Child as a fiction writer; Martin Egan of J. P. Morgan and Company described him as a traveler; Porter Emerson Browne (who is, by the way, a jovial rotund person who might easily step into the bandit part in his own "Bad Man") told of Child as a would-be playwright and collaborator; C. J. Rosebault told of his work during the war; Arthur Benington talked of the Italy Mr. Child should expect to see; and Heywood Broun sketched him as editor of "Collier's". Everyone, with the exception of Mr. Broun, was extremely dignified, and no one stuck to the subject. Mr.

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Broun, in spite of the heat, was, as usual, clever. It was a warm banquet, but a good one, and it closed fittingly with a telegram from the President.

Answers for our literary questions must be submitted by September twentieth. State whether or not it was necessary to look up the answer. The best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Editor Recommends".) The questions were submitted by Marion M. Swan of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and Miss Swan also wins the only prize that we can with any justice award for the contest in the July number. Apparently the questions were most abstruse. We apologize. After this we'll make 'em easier.

1. What English divine had three daughters distinguished in literature?

2. What is the form of a modern American masterpiece centring about the romance of two famous English historical characters, and who are these characters?

3. What now famous bit of writing called forth by the Spanish-American war would be a bracer for a boy failing through lack of resourcefulness to accomplish a given mission?

4. In what twentieth century biography has a nineteenth century apotheosis suffered a collapse?

5. From whom came the famous bon mot, "What has posterity done for us that we should consider posterity", and under what circumstances?

6. Supply the missing names in the following list of great lovers:

———— and Mrs. Dunlop
Abelard and ————
———— and Madam Hanska
Nelson and ————
———— and Lady Mary Montagu
Botticelli and ————
———— and Esther Johnson
Chopin and ————.

7. Place the following: Mrs. Proudie; Miss Matty; Lily Bart; Clem Sypher, "the friend of humanity"; Countess Gruff-a-nuff; "Emily" —a hen!; Mr. Salteena; Nellie Bly; Mr. Puff; Clara Middleton; Prince Florestan; "The Midge".

Here are the answers to the questions in the August number!

1. William Blake wrote lyrics on the tiger and the lamb, "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright", and "Little Lamb, who made thee?".

2. Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter was Biddy in Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations".

3. Hannah More wrote "The Bas Bleu". Some of the members of Mrs. Montagu's circle were Lord Lyttleton, Burke, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney.

4. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes was the famous detective story hero who was supposed to have ended his career by being thrown from a cliff. He bobbed up again, serenely, however.

5. Richard Adam Locke's "Moon Hoax" and Edgar Allan Poe's "Balloon Hoax" were two famous American newspaper hoaxes. Poe's name was really connected with both; for he at first believed that Locke had stolen the idea for the Moon story from the poet's own "Hans Pfaall", the first instalment of which had already appeared in "The Southern Literary Messenger" when Locke's version started in the New York "Sun".

6. The quotation on the art of dancing is from "The Spectator" of August 25, 1712, and was written by Richard Steele.

Among the June magazines the poems which we found seemed to be mostly by well-known persons: "A Letter", Robert Hillyer (Harper's), "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme", Amy Lowell (Poetry), "The Figurehead", Conrad Aiken (Century), "Looking East at Sunrise", Amy Murray (Measure), "The Four Kings", Karle Wilson Baker (Contemporary Verse), "Child Dancers", Louis Untermeyer (New Republic), "The Fugitive", William Rose Benét (New Republic).

The name of Edgar Saltus is associated in our mind with a series of letters in a picturesque hand, written ters in a picturesque hand, couched in the courtly manner of a bygone day. "The writer has the honor to be your obedient servant,"—such phrases transported us back in imagination a hundred years. Yet Mr. Saltus's death, on July 31, took place little more than a month after his sixty-third birthday. His last book, "The Imperial Orgy", was published during the fall of 1920.

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